ÉDITION DE LUXE



# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

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NEWSPAPER.



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# AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1890 WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT PRICE NINEPENCE By Post 92d.



Opics of the Wielcas

AMERICA CONTRA MUNDUM. In the Trotectionist countries of the Old World (which means everywhere, the United Kingdom excepted) the usual aim of financiers, when devising a new tariff, is not only to protect native industries, but also to raise as large a revenue as possible by the process. The object of the authors of the M'Kinley Bill is different. While raising the protective barriers higher than ever, so as to render the United States almost entirely independent of European "slave" labour, this measure is avowedly intended to lessen the amount of the Custom-House receipts at American ports. For some time past the Americans have been suffering under the unusual infliction of too big a revenue. Various expedients have been tried for getting rid of the surplus money-among others, a pension-list conceived on the most lavish principles-but the incubus still remains, and therefore the M'Kinley Bill embodies a heroic effort to cut off the source of supply. But, besides this intention, it is, as remarked above, rigidly Protectionist. Merely to mention one industry, it threatens to kill the motherof-pearl manufacture in Vienna, whose prosperity mainly depends on the American demand. The M'Kinleyites calcunte, and perhaps not incorrectly, that this and other similar industries will either be started by persons now resident in America, or that the European manufacturers will transfer their establishments and their plant to the Great Republic of the West. But there are bigger industries than these affected, and some of the tariff-alterations apparently hit the British producer very hard. Heavy additional imposts, for example, are levied on tin-plates, iron and steel, woollen and cotton goods, lace, and machinery. For a time, it is to be feared, our exports of these articles to the United States will diminish. But, in the long run, the Americans will be the chief sufferers. Commerce is merely barter; and, if the Americans buy less from us, we shall, by inexorable natural laws, buy less from them. Our extra food-supplies will come from Eastern Europe, India, and the Colonies. On the whole, therefore, we need not be greatly alarmed by the M'Kinley Tariff Bill. Some day, perhaps, the pendulum will swing in the opposite direction, and the Americans will go in for Free Trade. That will really be a far more serious prospect. With their energy, inventiveness, and immense natural resources, they will, when unshackled by Protection, prove very formidable competitors.

EMPEROR WILLIAM IN VIENNA .-- Twenty-five years ago, when Prussia and Austria were rapidly drifting towards the war which led to German Unity, it would have seemed strange if any one had foretold that in 1890 a Prussian King, coming as German Emperor, would be welcomed in Vienna as the trusted and honoured ally of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Yet this is what has come to pass. There can be no mistake as to the enthusiasm with which the German Emperor has been received in the Austrian capital. The rejoicings on the occasion of his visit have not been merely formal; they have been a genuine expression of popular sentiment. This is due in part to the fact that the mass of the people now cordially recognise that Germany is the best friend of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. They have sometimes been provoked by what has seemed to them German selfishness, but their permanent feeling is that the leading interests of the two Empires are identical, and that nothing but good can come from the establishment of closer relations. We must also, however, take into account the personal popularity of the German Emperor. Nothing in contemporary history is more surprising than the change which has taken place in the ordinary estimate of the character and tendencies of this young Sovereign. For some time after his accession there was a general prejudice against him. He was thought to be of a wayward, arrogant, and warlike temper. Now almost every one likes and respects him as a Monarch who takes the duties of his great position seriously. It is believed that he is in thorough sympathy with some of the most characteristic ideas of the present time; that he means, as far as possible, to give effect to them; and that it will not be his fault if his reign does not mark an era in the material and moral progress of his people. This is felt nowhere more strongly than in Austr feeling is likely to be a powerful factor among the forces which tend to maintain mutual good-will between the two dominant States of Central Europe.

Australasian Defence.—Australia and New Zealand cannot complain, at all events, of any deficiency of experts' advice in the vital matter of their defences. To begin with, General Edwards drafted a voluminous and singularly able report from information which he gathered on the spot, and now the Colonial Defence Committee at the War Office review his recommendations at almost equal length. On some points these eminent authorities differ, but they are at one in impressing upon the colonies the necessity of placing their land forces on a federal basis. Quickness of mobilisation is of the first importance in the case of a country with such a prodigious littoral. There might be plenty of troops under arms to give a good account of any enemy, but, if they concentrating a sufficient body at any threatened point. As regards maritime attack on the great seaports, the Defence Committee considers it "inconceivable that any Australasian town would consent to pay blackmail; which the British race have not submitted to for more than a hundred years." But the modern war ship, with her huge guns, is a very different craft to those which in former times attempted to raid British seaports, and it may also be said that Sydney and Melbourne have infinitely more to lose from a bombardment. It appears, too, rather puzzling to the civilian mind to reconcile this fine old "Rule Britannia" strain with the fact that at last year's naval manœuvres any seaport which was not relieved within a few hours after the appearance of a hostile fleet was compelled by the rules to pay ransom. On the whole, the great Australasian seaports had better trust for their safety to efficient means of defence rather than to the indomitable spirit of their citizens. We do not, of course, question the devotion or the courage of the latter for a second, but the most heroic valour and the loftiest patriotism would not save Melbourne or Sydney from the alternatives of either destruction or paying ransom if a hostile squadron once got within shell

FARM PUPILS IN THE COLONIES. In this crowded country, nearly all the avocations which offer the prospect of a fairly comfortable subsistence to young men of decent breeding and education are of an indoor and sedentary character. Now there are numbers of young men-and long may it be so !- who detest desk-drudgery, and crave for an active open-air existence. This seems most easily attainable in countries which are still thinly peopled, such as Canada, the Western United States and Florida, South Africa, and Australasia. Numbers of our adventurous youths have thus of late years gone abroad to seek their living as farmers, cattle-ranchers, and orange-growers. But as on landing they were totally unversed in the ways of the new country, parents and guardians not unreasonably perceived the advantage of placing the young emigrants for a while in the care of persons of experience who would teach them their new trade before expending their capital in the purchase of land and stock. The demand soon met with a supply. Numbers of local farmers came forward who were willing, for a liberal premium, to impart to the "new chums" all the agricultural and pastoral lore they themselves knew. Many of these enterprising persons doubtless fulfilled their duties conscientiously, but others proved utter "frauds." They pocketed the premium, and then set the youngster to work at some dull drudgery which otherwise they would have had to pay a hired man to perform. The youngster speedily awoke to the conviction that he was being swindled, and that, without the payment of any premium, and probably with wages to boot, he could have got the same work for himself. But though these rascals were swindlers, they were innocent of more heinous offences towards their victims, and in this sense it is satisfactory to remember that the cruel and cold-blooded murder of poor young Benwell was not the work of some petty Canadian farmer, but of a brother-Englishman, well-born, well-educated, of plausible manners and aspect, and, in fact, all the more dangerous because of these qualities. The moral of the whole tragedy is that parents cannot be too careful in investigating the antecedents of persons to whom, in such cases, they entrust their sons. The previous character of Birchall would not have stood the test of a close examination.

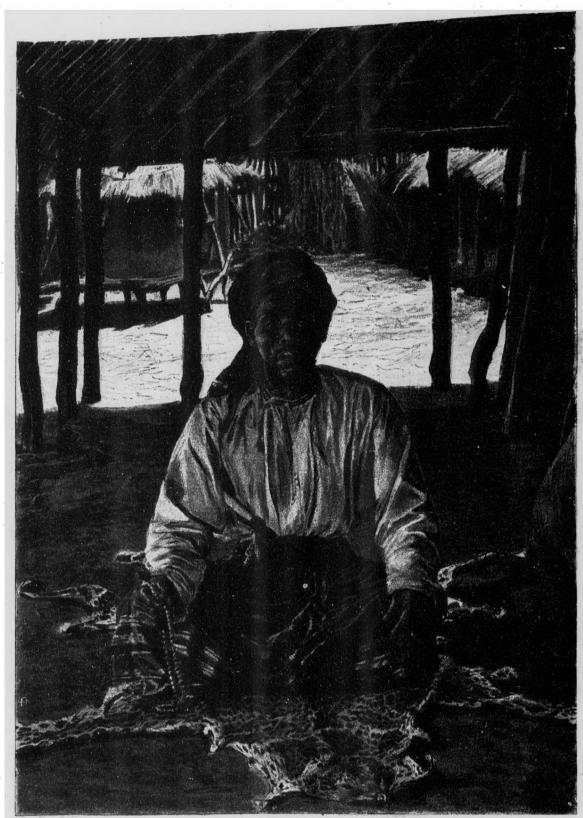
THE CHURCH CONGRESS .- During the present week a large number of clergymen have been enjoying a pleasant time at Hull. The Church Congress has now been thoroughly tried, and experience may be said to have shown that it is an institution admirably adapted to some of the needs of our day. The clergy are so accustomed to lay down the law for other people, that the tendency of the ordinary clergyman is to become rather dogmatic and intolerant. Nothing could more effectually counteract this tendency than discussions such as those which go on, both in public and in private, during the time of the Congress. Each member is vividly reminded of what he knows very well in theory, but is apt to forget in practice—that even within the Church there is a wide variety both of thought and of sentiment, and that ecclesiastical relations afford ample scope for the exercise of charity with regard to things of the intellect. Very little that is strictly new can be said in such an assembly; but the chief current ideas-those which are most deeply influencing the life of the Church—are necessarily brought into prominence, and thus every one present receives fresh stimulus, and is helped to realise fully and more exactly the nature of the work he himself has to do. This year the proceedings have again been remarkable for the attention given to social and practical questions as distinguished from questions of purely dogmatic interest. The clergy as a body evidently feel, as many other serious men feel, that what is sometimes called the social problem has become the most urgent of all problems, and that religion ought to have, and indeed must have, a potent voice in its solution. Suggestions and schemes of different kinds were freely debated at the Congress; and the result, we may hope, will be, that the spiritual influences of the nation will more and more be exerted in favour of progress and conciliation—not so much, were under separate commands, great delay would occur in however, by direct intervention in disputes between Capital 

and Labour, as by the steady enforcement of vital principles applicable to the special wants of the age.

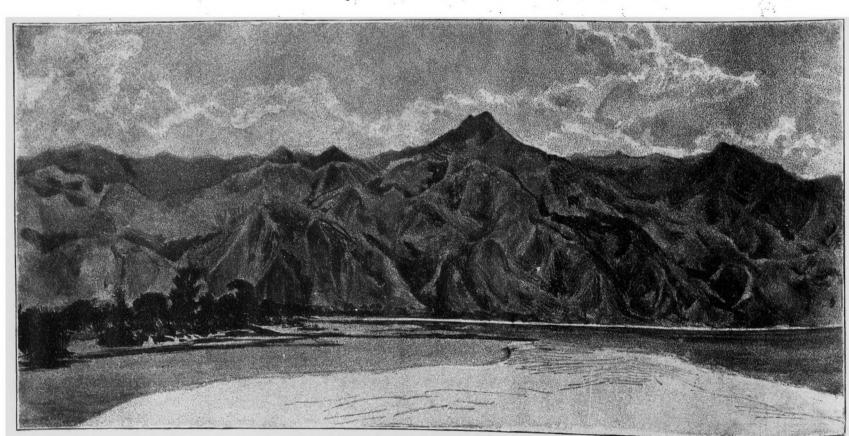
HARGAN'S CASE. During recent years, there have been not a few appeals to public sympathy for convicted prisoners, which were mainly based on sentiment, more or less spurious. This cannot be said of the effort to induce the Home Secretary to lighten the extraordinarily heavy sentence awarded to Walter Hargan. It is not too much to say that the public mind was filled with blank wonder when it became known that a man who used a revolver for protection against a gang of roughs had been condemned to twenty years' penal servitude. He would not have been more severely punished had the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against him, with a recommendation to mercy. One might almost imagine that the judge, whose summing up favoured that verdict, was resolved to award the same punishment in any case. What was Hargan's offence? Merely that he fired his revolver before his pursuers had got near enough to batter him, as they clearly intended to do. Had he waited until he was half killed, the law would have probably considered that he had justification for saving his own life at the risk of taking his assailants' lives. His sole error, therefore, lay in pulling trigger rather too soon, but it might be a valid excuse that he was afraid to wait, lest he should be disabled from pulling at all. The arm-chair philosopher, whose notions of the rough are mostly evolved from his inner consciousness, would not be slow, we fancy, to resort to any handy weapon, however deadly, if tackled by that exceedingly ugly customer. We even doubt whether he would give warning of his intention to defend himself, or fire his first shot in the air as Hargan did. Not until the two blackmailers had come quite close did the ex-soldier deal with them in a drastic fashion, and only then because he felt his own life to be in jeopardy. Three months' simple imprisonment would have been fully adequate punishment for such a mere error of judgment. We question, indeed, whether acquittal on the ground that the fatal shots were fired in self-defence would not have met the merits of the

HOAXES. --- Nearly all hoaxes are reprehensible; but some, such as the pranks played by Theodore Hook, though often cruel, are not criminal. But there is a less innocent kind of hoax, where the object is, not necessarily to inflict pain or annoyance, but to swindle people out of their money. This species of "sell" is more frequently performed on an extensive scale in Continental countries than here. A magnificent specimen has just been reported from Boulogne. During the absence of the Spanish Consul from that popular seaport an enterprising Peninsular gentleman visited the town, and informed the delighted inhabitants that a Spanish squadron was about to visit the port on its way to America, and would require large supplies of wines, spirits, groceries, and other provisions. By displaying various stamped documents, by flourishing a cheque drawn for a large amount, and by stating (this was ingenious, but unkind) that the Spanish Consul would be superseded for being off duty at such a moment, he gained the ear of Alm'ral Lespès, who promised to come over from Cherbourg to receive the Spanish Admiral; and levied heavy requisitions on the Boulognese. For he was a base deceiver, this Gil (perhaps a lineal descendant of Gil B'as), and the anticipated Spanish fleet remained as invisible as it did in Sheridan's Critic. How easy it is to be wise after the event! A telegram to Madrid (costing a few francs) would have utterly discomfited the enterprising Gil and his crafty schemes.

SIGNOR CRISPI AND THE FRENCH PEOPLE. Now that Prince Bismarck is no longer at the helm in Germany, Signor Crispi is perhaps the most interesting figure among the statesmen of the Continent. A shrewder Minister has not wielded power in Italy since the death of Cavour, and his utterances generally have a freshness, distinctness, and vividness which at once secure for them the attention of Europe. Nothing in its way could be better than his talk the other day with a representative of the Paris Figaro. The interview may have been somewhat embellished in the telling, but there is ample internal evidence that the report is substantially correct. It has given genuine pleasure to Frenchmen, and will undoubtedly help to secure the re-establishment of good relations between France and Italy. Signor Crispi spoke strictly in accordance with facts when he said in effect that it depends on France herself whether or not she is to be in the near future involved in war. What could the Italians hope to gain by fighting with their French neighbours? It is manifestly their interest to cultivate the most friendly relations with a State which can in so many ways affect them either for good or for evil. As for Germany, she can have no motive for attacking France unless she thinks that she herself is about to be attacked. The Germans are quite content with the results they have already accomplished, and will not incautiously run the risk of losing the solid advantages they have won. Obviously, then, as Signor Crispi urged, if there be any uneasiness as to the possibility of war breaking out in Western Europe, it is uneasiness due to the fact that no one feels quite sure about the pacific intentions of the French people. France was so thoroughly beaten in the struggle with Germany that she scarcely-realises how



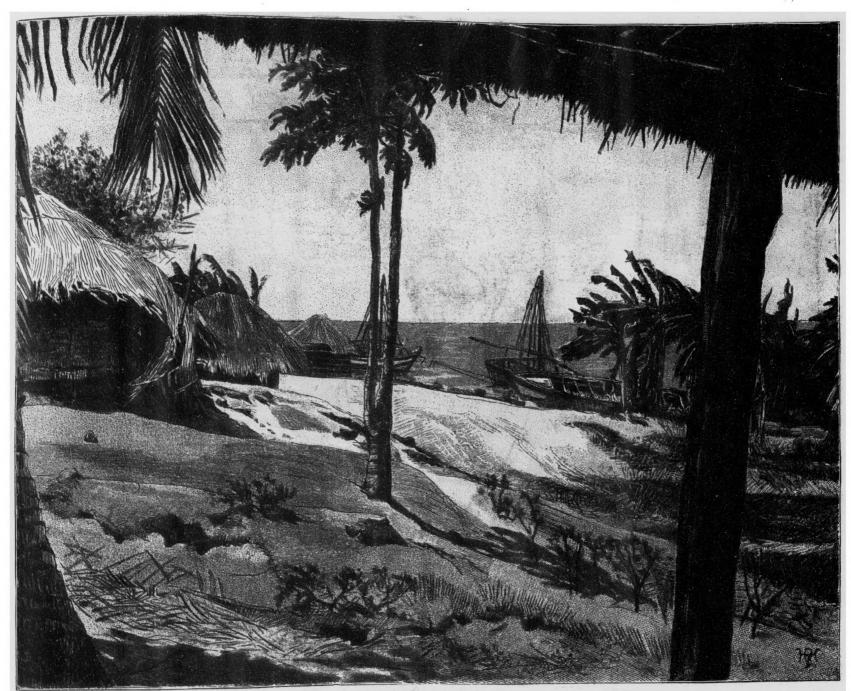
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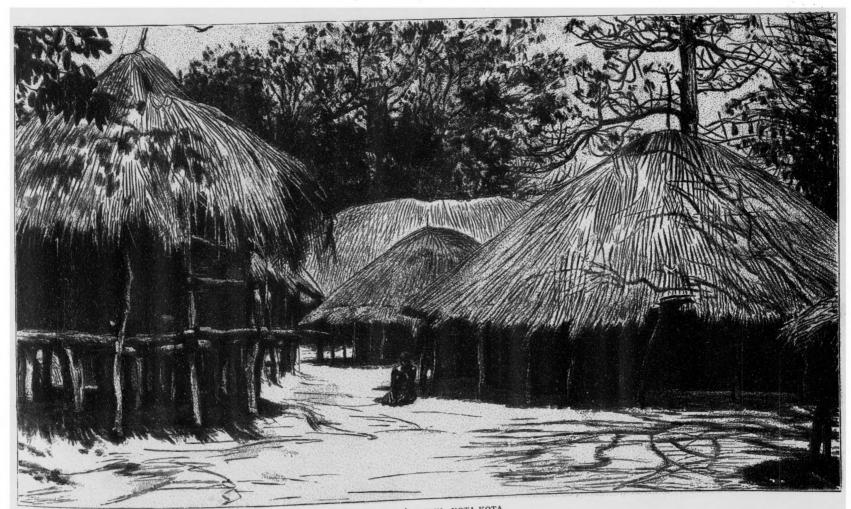
THE LIVINGSTONE MOUNTAINS NORTH END OF LAKE NYASA

NYASALAND AND ITS PEOPLE

Reproductions of Sketches made on the spot by H. H. Johnston, C.B., F.R.G.S.



JUMBE'S PORT ON LAKE NYASA



IN JUMBE'S TOWN, KOTA-KOTA

NYASALAND AND ITS PEOPLE

Reproductions of Sketches made on the spot by H. H. Johnston, C.B., F.R.G.S.

commanding is the position she still holds. The frank, genial statements of the Italian Prime Minister may enable her to statements of her own power, and the recognise more clearly the extent of her own power, and the responsibilities associated with it.

JOURNALISTS IN COUNCIL.—While wishing well to the Institute of Journalists, which undoubtedly aims at a praiseworthy object, it seems needful to breathe a word of caution about attempting to run before you can walk. Is it quite politic to seek at such an early stage in the career of this point association to make journalism a close profession? The retiring President gleefully predicted that the time is at hand "when it will be impossible for any untrained and unqualified person to trade under the disguise of a journalist." But how will the "blacklegs" be kept out, if editors consider their knowledge of men and things more valuable for journalistic purposes than the acquired accomplishments of the trained hands? Even as the poet is born, not made, so is the journalist; unless he has the gift by Nature, all the training in the world will never advance him beyond the second or third grades. It is different, of course, in what may be called the mechanical branch of the profession; reporters require long and systematic training, as well as natural gifts, to do their work properly. For them, therefore, it will not be very difficult to devise a scheme of examination for admission into the Institute, and for its diploma. But no examination, however stringent, could test the qualifications of the original writer. Not a few of this class, who are now employed on the London Press in high positions, had matriculated as students of human nature long before they took to writing about its affairs, and it may be unhesitatingly affirmed that the man-of-the-worldism which they brought to their new vocation has been more valuable to their employers than greater graces of style would have been. It was once caustically said by an old hand that Fleet Street has neither eyes nor sympathies for anything beyond Fleet Street; which dictum may be taken to mean that a trained journalist's ideas are usually shut within the very narrow sphere of "copy."

With this number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "NYASALAND AND ITS PEOPLES," sketched on the spot by H. H. Johnston, C.B., F.R.G.S.

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FOR PARTICULARS OF THE MILITARY EXHIBITION and SAVOY GALLERY, see page 389.

LYCEUM.-RAVENSWOOD.-TO-NIGHT, at Eight o'Clock RAVENSWOOD, a play by Herman Merivale, the music for which has been specially composed by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.—Edgar (the Master of Ravenswood) Mr. IRVING: Lucy Ashton, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Mr. Terriss, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Howe, Mr. G. Craig, Miss Marriott, &c. Box Office open daily 10 to 5 and during the performance.—LYCEUM.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane, —Monday, October 6, and Every Evening at Seven, SOPHIA. Mrs. S. Lane, Misses Oliph Webb, Marshall: Messrs. Algernon Syms. W. Steadman, I. B. Howe, W. Gardiner, &c.—BOX AND COX.—Concluding with OUR LADS IN RED.

BRIGHTON THEATRE and OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietiess, Mrs. Nyz Chart.—MONDAY, October 6, Mrs. LANGTRY.

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THE NEW PROGRAM ME FRODUCED ON THE OCCASION OF THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION, On Thursday, the 18th Sept., having been received with the utmost enthusiasm, will be repeated EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.

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M.R. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Warson, music by Corney Grain. Concluding with an entirely new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain entitled SEA-SIDE MANIA. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at Fight, Tuesday, Ihursday, and Saturday at Three.—Booking office open 10 to 6. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s.

# BRISTOL SEVENTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

FOUR MORNING and TWO EVENING CONCERTS.
Redemption; Elijah; Judith, by Dr. Parry; Golden Legend; Messiah;
Song of Destiny, Brahms,
And Vocal and Instrumental Selections.
Conductor, Sir Charles Halle.

Mesdames Albani, Mac Intyre, Hilda Wilson, Hope Glenn. Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Ivor McKay, Andrew Black, Watkin Mills, B. Pierpoint, and Worloek.

Programmes with full particulars on application to HENRY COOKE, Esq., Hon. Sec., Colston Hall, Bristol.

HAMBURG via HARWICH. Alteration of and Additional Sailings. Commencing on Tuesday, October 7th, the GENERAL STEAM NAVIGATION CO. S Passenger Steamers will leave Harwich (Parkeston Quay) at 10.0 p m, on Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, instead of on Wednesdays and Saturdays as heretofore. Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8 pm, For further particulars apply to the GENERAL STEAM NAVIGATION CO., 55, Great Tower Street, E C.; the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.; or 61, Regent Street, W.



#### . PHEASANT SHOOTING

SELDOM have partridges been so disappointing as this year. coil and wet worked sad mischer with the young birds, and the result has been great scarcity and poor sport on all except the most carefully-preserved lands. It looks, however, as if the pheasants were going to make up to some extent for the partridges' failure. Plenty of birds and good sport are reported from most places where shooting was indulged in on the first of the month, and, as usual, many of the best coverts have been reserved for future occasions. The kind of pheasant sheating which our artist has denicted is still. many of the best coverts have been reserved for future occasions. The kind of pheasant shooting which our artist has depicted is still practised in some places, but for the most part the modern sportsman prefers his pheasant driven. The comparatively simple shots which they afford when put up by dogs in thick covert mightily pleased our grandfathers, who always kept a keen were on the "pot," and did not like wasting powder and shot. Nowadays, however, we are more fastidious, and nothing pleases the latter-day marksman so much as a high-driven "rocketing" pheasant coming down the wind over his head like an express train. To obtain this kind of shot beaters have, of course, to be employed and in fairly large numbers also, from two to six to be employed, and in fairly large numbers also, from two to six for each gun being the usual provision; and the process of beating is conducted with almost scientific accuracy. It must not be supposed, however, that "battue" shooting is such indiscriminate by the supposed, however, that "battue" shooting is such indiscriminates. not be supposed, however, that "battue" shooting is such indiscriminate slaughter as some game-law reformers would have it believed. Quite the contrary. Very large bags are made, of course, but they are due, not so much to the driving system, as to the improvement in guns and ammunition, and the increase in individual skill. Nevertheless, it is sometimes pleasant for a change to revert to the old-fashioned method, and, accompanied by one or two well-broken spaniels or pointers, walk along the hedges and through the patches of corn, knocking over a bird here and there.

#### A MAN-OF-WAR'S-MEN'S PICNIC "MAN OVERBOARD!"

No one enjoys "the shore" more than does Jack and his comrade "Joe" the Marine, when they can get there. Yet in their jaunts and excursions they are very fond of keeping up a semblance of things nautical. When the Australian Squadron was at Auckland some little while since, a quaint picnic and excursion were got up by the temperance people on shore for the amusement and entertainment of the teetotallers on board one of the men-of-war. Fired with a spirit of emulation, those of their shipmates who had not forsworn an occasional glass of grow shortly afterwards organised à "Nona spirit of emulation, those of their shipmates who had not forsworn an occasional glass of grog shortly afterwards organised a "Non-Temperance Picnic" on a large scale, and started gaily off in a procession of brakes, flying the white ensign at the "peak" and the jack forward, and with "boats," in the shape of wheelbarrows hanging at either side, after the fashion of a ship, to the great amusement and wonderment of the good people of Auckland. In the sketch a previously prepared "dummy" has been dropped, the "craft" stopped, the "Still" sounded, "Man overboard" piped, and the "lifeboats called away" to the rescue.—Our engraving is from a sketch by a naval officer.

## EXPERIMENTING WITH A CAPTIVE BALLOON

EXPERIMENTING WITH A CAPTIVE BALLOON A CORRESPONDENT of the Daily Graphic gives an interesting account of the experiments in marine aeronautics made last week at Wilhelmshaven on board the gunnery-ship Mars. A captive balloon was used, with two portable gas generators, and a steamdrum, on which the balloon cable was wound. The drum was mounted amidships on the upper deck of the Mars, but the balloon was filled on shore and then allowed to float into position above the Mars. The cable was then unwound until the balloon had attained an altitude of about a quarter of a mile. The wind was blowing with a force of between 3 and 4, and this caused the balloon to drift nearly eighty yards from the vertical. Communication between the car and the deck was kept up electrically by means of a core in the cable, and the height attained was found to give the officer in the cable, and the height attained was found to give the officer in the car a very extensive range of observation. The balloon was afterwards sent up as high as 650 yards, and was taken out to sea. Prince Henry of Prussia and Admirals Paschen and Von Parvelsz were present throughout the experiments.—Our picture is from a drawing by W. Stöwer. drawing by W. Stöwer.

## "A MILLION OF MONEY"

"A MILLION OF MONEY"

This "military, sporting, and spectacular drama," which was produced at Drury Lane about a month ago, seems to have achieved as great success as some of its most popular predecessors. The joint authors, Messrs. Pettitt and Harris, have constructed their piece on the well-recognised conventional lines—except that the lovers are married from the outset—but possibly the public like it all the better on that account. There is an abundance of melodramatic incident; a good deal of comic dialogue plentifully interdramatic incident; a good deal of comic dialogue plentifully interdramatic incident; a good deal of comic dialogue plentifully interdramatic incident; a good deal of comic dialogue plentifully interdramatic incident; a good deal of comic dialogue plentifully interdramatic incident; a good deal of comic dialogue plentifully interdramatic incident; a good deal of comic dialogue plentifully interdramatic incident; a good deal of comic dialogue plentifully interdramatic incident; a good deal of comic dialogue plentifully interdramatic incident; and the scenery and mounting is of that admirable and liberal kind to which Mir. Augustus Harris has accustomed his audiences. Nothing pleases Londoners at the theatre more than the presentation of spectacles with which they are familiar in ordinary life; hence the scenes with which they are familiar in ordinary life; hence the scenes with which they are familiar in ordinary life; hence the scenes with which they are familiar in ordinary life; hence the scenes with which they are familiar in ordinary life; hence (Mr. C. scene on the racecourse, where Harry Dunstable, the hero (Mr. C. scene on the racecourse, where Harry Dunstable, the hero (Mr. C. warner), is introducing Mrs. St. Clair, the hypnotising adventuress, to his wife. Major Belgrave, the villain of the piece (Mr. H. Standing), watches the proceedings on the right.

#### CORONATION OF AN AFRICAN KING

In our West African possessions kings are as plentiful as black-In our West African possessions kings are as plentiful as black-berries, while princes and princesses appear to be innumerable. Great festivities recently took place at Bullom, on the occasion of the coronation of a King, and Mr. A. G. Ceffala, Superintendent of the African Direct Telegraph Company, Sierra Leone Station, has sent us some photographs which were taken during the ceremonies. One of these, which we engrave, represents the King listening to the reading of the Treaty which was made with his ancestors; while the others respectively depict a native dancer on stilts performing before the officers, and the Court minstrels and dancers making ready for the operations of the photographer.

## A COLOSSAL MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS

A COLOSSAL MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS

The citizens of America intend to construct a monument which is to beat the Eissel Tower both in height and in boldness of conception. This new tower is to be built at Chicago, and is to be ready in 1892, in time for the Exhibition which is to be held in that city. As the year 1892 will be the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, the monument is to be dedicated to him. Curiously enough, the design of this tower is by a fellow-countryman of Columbus, Alberto de Pallassio, and, as will be seen from our illustration, it is a globe resting on a pedestal or base. The pedestal is of graceful proportions, which, we fear, will be spoilt by the huge, unwieldy-looking globe, whose diameter will be equal to the height of the Eissel Tower. The pedestal, or base, will be nearly 300 feet high, while surmounting the whole will be a full-rigged ship, the size of which is not given. The total height of the monument may be put down at about 1,400 feet. At the equator a gallery will run round this globe, which will be about two-thirds of a mile in circumference, while on the surface will be marked the continents and oceans, just as on a school globe. From the equator to the North Pole, winding round the outside, there will be an inclined railway nearly four miles long. A large statue to Columbus will stand in the centre of the base under the globe, while a Columbus Museum and a library devoted to literature in connection with his discoveries, and those of other explorers, will be established, and restaurants will be placed here and there at more or less elevated positions. An observatory will also be built at the summit of the monument. The cost of construction is estimated at about a million pounds sterling, while an additional 160,000. Will be required for the lifts and other machinery.

#### CENTRAL AFRICAN RAILWAY See page 385

#### LAUNCH OF AN ITALIAN IRONCLAD

THE ironclad Sardegna, the largest vessel in the Italian Navy was launched at 10.40 A.M. on September 20th. Over 300,000 persons had gathered in Spezia to witness the spectacle; and when they had all found seats their serried ranks alone formed a sight worth looking at. Among the distinguished people present were the Duke and Duchess of Genoa, and Signor Brin; the Minister of Marine. For a few moments the Sardeona seemed unwilling to the Duke and Duchess of Genoa, and Signor Brin, the Minister of Marine. For a few moments the Sardegna seemed unwilling to move, but when she did move, she moved well, slowly and self-possessed as a queen. She is 410 ft. long, and 77 ft. in breadth, her tonnage being 13,860. Her engines are of 22,000 horse-power, and she is expected to attain a speed of 19 knots an hour. She will carry an armament of 28 guns, of various sizes, besides others of smaller, calibre,—Our engraving is from a photograph by Conti Vecchi, Spezia. Vecchi, Spezia.

#### "ALONE"

MR. WALTER LANGLEY has here painted a very pathetic picture, MR. WALTER LANGLEY has here painted a very pathetic picture, and the pathos will be especially appreciated by those of us who are going down the hill of life, and who see year by year friends and kinsfolk dropping one after another into the grave. Thus it is wise advice which recommends the elderly to make friends with the rising generation; otherwise, although in the heyday of youth they may have possessed troops of relations and acquaintances, yet, when "the days of darkness" come, they may find themselves condemned to solitude. demned to solitude.

#### MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL AND GARDEN

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There is probably no more interesting spot in London than the Temple, with its ancient church, spacious halls, and beautiful gardens, and especially delightful is that great grassy slope which runs up from the Thames Embankment to the south wall of Middle Temple Hall. It is impossible when standing here to realise the fact that one is in the very heart of the "busy City," the grass is so green, and the noble-trees wave their branches and rustle their leaves just as if they were in some forest. The very buildings which surround us on all sides are strangely unlike anything else in London. In the distance we see the graceful and lofty fleche which surmounts the Great Hall of the Law Courts. Its finial, composed of a cross rising over a crown of thorns, makes us at first doubt whether we have not been suddenly transported to the banks of the Seine, and are not looking at the spirelet of St. Louis' lovely chapel; but the fine old red brick Elizabethan Hall, directly facing us, at once brings back our wandering fancy to our native land, though even that does not seem to recall London to our minds, but rather some college in Oxford or Cambridge. The old Queen Anne houses, with their projecting cornices, and the lofty jet of water thrown up from the fountain, look like the Garden Quad. round which University Dons reside.

Wandering over the gravel paths in the foreground we see "gownsmen," but here the similarity vanishes, for, instead of the trencher cap, the white wig proclaims that we are in legal precincts, and that the learning which pervades the place is that of those who are "learned in the law" rather than in "Humane Letters," Fair ladies not unfrequently invade this sacred locality, and impart to it an interest of another kind.

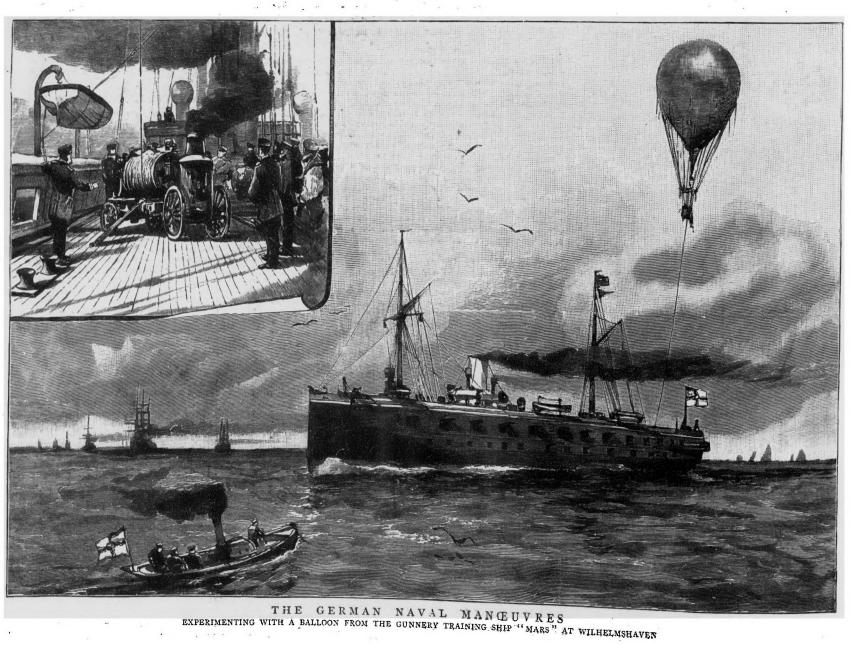
When we come to consider the matter from an architectural point of view our interest is centred in Plowden's fine old hall. Middle Temple Hall is undoubtedly the finest example of Elizabethan architecture in the metropolis. It appears from Sir William Du

side. The interior of the hall, with its magnificent carved oak screen and open timber roof, is in its original condition, but the exterior has suffered greatly from patching and restoring. The curious Gothic pinnacles at the west end, crowned with pineapples, are the result of one of these operations, and were probably added in 1676. The late Mr. Hakewill was responsible for the louvre, and the other modern Gothic additions, which, however well-intentioned, are not in character with Plowden's original work; not withstanding this, however, the building has a singularly attractive appearance, and the London atmosphere has for once done good service, as it has toned down the modern work, and made it, in colour at any rate, harmonise with that which is ancient, so that few buildings in London present a more venerable aspect than does Middle Temple Hall.

H. W. B.

THE ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN-FARMER OUR Illustrations are sufficiently explained by their titles.







"A MILLION OF MONEY," THE NEW PLAY AT DRURY LANE THEATRE "Harry, I will not be introduced."-The Race Scene.

"THE PICKWICK CLUB"

FROM that immortal work entitled "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," we learn that after Mr. Pickwick had read his paper entitled "Speculations On the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, With Some Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats," a simultaneous call for "Pickwick" burst from his followers, whereupon he slowly mounted into the Windsor chair on which he had been seated, and displayed that bald head, those circular spectacles, and those tights and gaiters, which have since become the admiration of the universe. On his right hand sat Tracy Tupman, with whom admiration of the fair sex was still the ruling passion, although Time and feeding had expanded his once-romantic form. On the left of the great leader sat the poetic Snodgrass, and near him again the sporting Winkle; the former wearing a blue coat with a dogskin collar; the latter a new green shooting-coat, plaid neckerchief, and closely-fitting drabs. These four gentlemen formed the Corresponding Society of the Club; they were empowered to travel, and send notes of their experiences to headquarters; to them, therefore, we are indebted for the most popular book which has ever originated from a spirit of scientific enthusiasm.

NYASALAND AND ITS PEOPLES

See pp. 388 et seqq.



Political.—Mr. John Morley made on Monday a speech at St. Helen's, mainly devoted to the proceedings at Tipperary on Thursday last week, of which he was an eye-witness. According to his account the scene was a "brutal and cowardly exhibition" of unprovoked violence employed by the police to a handful of peaceful and lamb-like Tipperary boys. A certain satisfaction with what happened was blended, however, with his denunciation of the Government, of Mr. Balfour, of the magistrates who are trying the various defendants in the Tipperary prosecutions, and of the conduct of Colonel Caddell before he followed Mr. Morley's advice. The ex-Secretary for Ireland went to Tipperary because, as he said, he felt that the Government was going to drive a good strong nail into their own coffin, and he wanted to see the first blow of the hammer. He came away believing that the proceedings of Thursday are "a point from which we shall date our speedy and direct approach to convincing the people of England" that Mr. Balfour is in the wrong and that Mr. Morley is in the right.—For the seat in the Eccles Division of South-East Lancashire, vacant through the death of the Hon. A. Egerton, the Gladstonian candidate is Mr. H. J. Roby, who is both a large employer of local labour and a scholar, being the author of the well-known work, "Roby's Latin Grammar." The Unionist candidate will probably be the Hon. Algernon Egerton, an uncle of the late member, who was Conservative M.P. for South Lancashire from 1859 to 1868, and for South-East Lancashire from 1868 to 1880, when he was defeated, having been appointed in 1874 Secretary to the Admiralty. He will be supported by the Liberal Unionists as well as by the Conservatives. At the General Election of 1885 the late member defeated his Gladstonian opponent by 247 votes, and in 1886 by 292.—At a special meeting on Monday of the Workmen's Constitutional Union it was announced that probably twelve or thirteen seats will be contested by anti-Gladstonian labour-candidates at the next General Electio

The New Lord Mayor of London, elected on Monday, is Mr. Alderman Savory, formerly of the firm of Messrs. A. B. Savory and Son, of Cornhill, now the Goldsmiths' Alliance (Limited). He was born in 1843, and is descended from a Huguenot family which settled in England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was educated at Harrow. After having served as Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1882-3, he succeeded Sir S. Waterlow as Alderman of the Ward of Langbourn. He has taken a deep interest in education, is a member of the London School Board, and among other similar offices held by him is that of Governor of the Royal Holloway College. The Lord Mayor-Elect is a Conservative and a staunch Churchman. He married in 1888 the only daughter of Colonel Leach, Secretary to the Board of Agriculture.

The London County Council resumed on Tuesday its weekly meetings after the recess. The discussion of most general interest arose out of a motion, made by Mr. Beal, for the approval of a report from the Special Committee on Water Supply, which recommended that negotiations should be entered into with the London water companies for the purpose of ascertaining on what terms they would be prepared to dispose of their undertakings in the event of Parliament empowering the Council to acquire them. The motion was met by an amendment from the Vice-Chairman, Sir T. Farrer, to the effect that the report should be referred back to the Committee to consider various questions, that on which he laid most stress being whether the present undertakings of the companies did or did not furnish an adequate supply of water, because if they did not, their value might be enormously diminished. The Chairman, Sir J. Lubbock, was also in favour of delay, arguing that it would be better to defer a decision until it was seen whether Parliament is disposed to pass a Bill authorising the Council to purchase the water companies' undertakings. On a division Sir T. Farrer's amendment was rejected, and the report of the Committee adopted, by a majority of 31, the numbers being 58 to 27.—On the recommendation of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee, the Council accepted with thanks Sir Si Maryon Wilson's gift of twelve acres of freehold land in Charlton parish, but near the populous part of Woolwich, as a recreation-ground to be used by the public in perpetuity, under the control of the Council.—On Wednesday, the Committee of the Council charged with the control of music and dancing licenses granted several renewals which were opposed by Mr. Charrington, among them one for the Empire Theatre of Varieties in Leicester Square.

THE FIRST ANNUAL CONGRESS of the Dock, Wharf, Riverside, and General Labourers' Union was held in London on Tuesday. Some sixty delegates from various parts of the country, representing, it was said, 60,000 members, were present, the chair being taken by the President of the Union, Mr. T. Mann, supported by Mr. Ben Tillett, Secretary, and by Mr. John Burns, among others. The President spoke jubilantly of the increased wages which the Union had obtained for its members, defiantly—6—the Shipowners'-Federation, and expectantly of a coming organisation of the whole labouring community of the kingdom. They were determined to have, without waiting for the intervention of Parliament, a Saturday half-holiday, and a limitation of working-time to forty-eight hours a week.—It does not promise very well for the realisation of Mr. Mann's hope of a universal federation of labour that the Secretary of the Lancashire Association of Operative Spinners has been instructed to withdraw from the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress on account of the approval given at Liverpool to a compulsory Eight Hours' Bill. In the metropolis

the Perseverance Carpenters' and Joiners' Society has for the same reason severed its connection with the London Trade Council, and similar withdrawals of other "season" trades, such as the boot and single makers are daily expected.

similar withdrawals of other "season trades, such as the book and shoe makers, are daily expected.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A Congress under the auspices of the International Literary and Artistic Association, with the object of pronational Literary and Artistic Association, with the object of pronational Literary and Artistic Association, with the object of pronational Literary and Artistic Association, with the object of pronational Literary and Artistic Association, with the object of pronational manufacture of the Mansion House of Amansion House of Amansion House on and others will dine with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on Monday.—Telephonic communication has been opened between Monday.—Telephonic communication has been opened between London and Manchester, and conversation can now be carried on London and Manchester, and conversation can now be carried on London and Manchester, and conversation for the Association occasion of a recent visit of ninety members of the Association occasion of a recent visit of ninety members of the Association occasion of a recent visit of ninety members of the Association occasion of a recent visit of ninety members of the Association occasion of a recent visit of ninety members of the Association occasion of a recent visit of ninety members of the Association occasion of a recent visit of ninety members of the Association occasion of a recent visit of ninety members of the Association occasion of a recent visit of ninety members of the practice of cremation is increasing, that while show how the practice of cremation is increasing, that while show how the practice of cremation is increasing, that while show how the practice of cremation is increasing, that while show how the practice of cremation is increasing, that while show how the practice of cremation is increasing, that while show how the practice of the practice

Our Obituary includes the death, in his thirty-seventh year, of the Hon. Alfred John Egerton, brother of the Earl of Ellesmere, and formerly a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, since 1885 Conservative M.P. for the Eccles Division of Lancashire; in his forty-vative M.P. for the Eccles Division of Lancashire; in his forty-vative M.P. for the Eccles Division of Sir Henry Barkly, seventh year, of Mr. Arthur C. S. Barkly, son of Sir Henry Barkly, who, after filling various offices in the Colonial service of the Crown, was Governor of Heligoland from 1888 until its recent cession to Germany; of Captain Cyprian Knollys, late of the Scots Guards, one of the Chief Constables of the Metropolitan Police, brother to Sir Francis Knollys, who is Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales, and youngest son of the late General Sir William Knollys; of Major-General Boisragon, late 5th Goorkhas and 4th Sikhs, who, entering the army in 1845, served in the Burmese War of 1852-3, and with distinction in the Indian Mutiny campaigns, being dangerously wounded at the siege and capture of Delhi; in his sixty-sixth year, of Lieutenant-General Horace P. Newton, late Royal Artillery; in his eighty-third year, of Mr. Felix Knyvett, for many years private secretary to Archbishop Sumner, and Apparitor-General for the Province of Canterbury; and in his eighty-ninth year, of the Rev. Dr. William H. Rule, the oldest Wesleyan minister, who is said to have been the first Protestant missionary in Spain, and to have completed there the first translation of the Bible into Spanish.



THE HEALTH OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK had improved considerably by the beginning of the week, but his medical adviser would not sanction his attendance at the Church Congress. If he has sufficiently recovered, the Archbishop will deliver an address to working men on the opening day of the Wakefield Diocesan Conference at Halifax, October 15th.

The Church Congress.—The thirtieth Church Congress opened at Hull on Tuesday, after an official reception of the President, the Bishop of Durham, and the members, by the Mayor and Corporation. At the Service in Holy Trinity Church the Bishop of Manchester preached. In some of the most interesting portions of the sermon he dwelt, with an obvious reference to pending controversies, on the necessity for carefully separating that which is certain and essential in our historical inheritance of religion from that which is merely accidental. Such a necessity was specially great in our time, because more than in almost any previous age what is merely human in our religious traditions and doctrines is being called in question. At other churches sermons were preached by the Bishops of Newcastle and Ripon. The Bishop of Durham, in his Presidential address, referred to the social questions, the discussion of which was included in the programme of the Congress. These, he said, were really religious questions. To a certain extent legislation was useful, but it could not go far, being unable to control feelings or motives. It may make good dwellings, but it cannot make good men. Christians alone can draw from an inexhaustible spring the power to deal with great social evils. After the delivery of the address, the subject of Church and State was discussed. Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., read a paper, which contained the striking remark that the adoption of the recommendations of the Commission on the Ecclesiastical Courts would go far to produce a state of things such as existed in the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland, which was controlled by the decisions of what was no doubt a lay court, but a lay court which gave the utmost weight to ecclesiastical decisions. Among the subjects discussed at the evening sitting was. The Church and the Labour Question," introduced by Prebendary Harry Jones.

the Labour Question, infloduced by Fredendary many Jones.

The Bishop of Lichfield's luncheon to Nonconformist ministers in his Diocese, previously referred to in this column, was given on Monday, ninety guests availing themselves of the invitation. It was preceded by the Bishop's delivery of an address on "Unity," and by devotional exercises, in which several Nonconformist ministers took part. After luncheon, a number of the guests visited the Cathedral.

visited the Cathedral.

Dr. INCE, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, supports the suggestion that there should be two entirely distinct funds, administered by separate Committees, in connection with the Memorial to Canon Liddon. He was one of the two dissentients from the proposal at the Liddon Memorial meeting, referred to in this column last week, that the fund for the purpose of studying theology should be in the hands of the authorities of Keble College, and thus, he says, "be administered exclusively in the interests of one ecclesiastical party."

THE REV. GEORGE R. EDEN has been collated to the Archdeaconry of Canterbury and Canonry of Canterbury Cathedral annexed to it, in succession to the late Bishop Parry.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES has been meeting this week at Swansea, where, on Monday, the Mayor held a reception, attended by six hundred delegates. On Tuesday, the President, the Rev. Thomas Green, delivered an address on the "Secular Element in Church Life," in which he spoke of the necessity of a quickening of spiritual faith in order to avert the grave danger arising from the excessive degree in which the secular element is insisted on as part of our Church life.

AT CHRIST CHURCH, BIRMINGHAM, on Sunday, the experiment was succe-sfully tried of making telephonically the Services of the Church with some exceptions, as distinctly heard by persons at greater and less distances as if they had been present at them. Transmitters, comparatively inconspicuous, were fixed in various parts of the church. A number of subscribers to the telephone company, by which the arrangements had been made, were thus enabled to hear in their own houses, in the suburbs of Birmingham and elsewhere, the morning, afternoon, and evening services, the singing and the sermons being the portions most successfully reproduced. Different parts of the Evening Service were "put through" to London and Manchester, among other centres.

London and Manchester, among other centres.

The Churchyard Adjoining St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, the church (one of Wren's) in which Milton married his second wife, whose death he lamented in a touching sonnet, has just been opened as a public recreation ground, seats for it having been furnished by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association.



MR. ARTHUR A. HOPKINS has been appointed a metropolitan police magistrate in succession to Mr. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, resigned. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, 1879, and has practised on the Midland Circuit, filling also the post of Counsel to the Mint authorities at Birmingham Sessions.—Mr. Joseph Underhill, Q.C., of the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed the first Recorder of the borough of West Bromwich.

The much-talked of pugilistic encounter between Slavin and M'Auliffe at the Ormonde Club, having come off on Saturday, a warrant for their apprehension was issued at once, and on Monday this week they reappeared in the Lambeth Police Court, charged with having assaulted and beaten each other in violation of the peace. Inspector Chisholm, who had been an eye-witness of the fight, was the only witness called. His evidence was directed to prove that the contest, far from being a "scientific" boxing match, was, in his own words, a "fierce and furious fight, and, from the exhaustion which was caused, serious injury might have resulted." Before the fight, according to his testimony, the ordinary boxing-gloves worn by the two combatants were so manipulated as to afford little or no protection. The defendants were remanded to the following Friday, bail being given for each in his own recognizances for 1,000%, and two sureties in 1,000% each.

HENRY DAVIS. IUN.. with his father and several others were

zances for 1,000%, and two sureties in 1,000% each.

HENRY DAVIS, JUN., with his father and several others, were prosecuted at Worship Police-Court, for keeping and assisting in the management of a gaming-house, at Hoxton, which was dignified with the name of a "club." Davis, jun., the only defendant who was not dismissed on recognisances, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, and, it was stated, intended to appeal. Foreseeing this step, the magistrate, Mr. Montagu Williams, after some remarks on the nuisance which these so-called clubs had become—there were eighty of them, he understood, in that district—animadverted on the permission to appeal from the decision of metropolitan magistrates—necessarily barristers and men of experience—to the Middlesex magistrates, scarcely any of whom had the slightest legal knowledge.

A Petition is being prepared, asking the Home Secretary to remit the whole, or a part, of the sentence of twenty years' penal servitude passed on Hargan for having shot two men at Kingsland. According to a statement emanating from his solicitor, he had provoked the resentment of his' victims by defending a lonely and unprotected woman from the violence of a gang of roughs, to whom those two belonged, and he naturally feared that the men whom he shot, and who were following him, intended to assault him. In the same statement he is described as a quiet, modest, unassuming man, bearing an excellent character, and his possession of a revolver, which appears to have told against him with the jury, is accounted for by his having returned only a few days previously from America, so that he had not had time to lose the habit of carrying firearms.

CANADIAN SARDINES are to be brought to Europe in hopes of competing with the Mediterranean and Breton product. Immense quantities of sardines are caught on the New Brunswick coast, and this year the yield is so large that the fish are almost unsaleable.

THE EXPLORATIONS AT THE OLD ROMAN CITY OF SILCHESTER yield good fruit. In the foundations of one of the houses excavated, a dry well has been laid bare, containing a most interesting collection of tools, belonging evidently to a carpenter, a silversmith, and a blacksmith. Though fully 1,500 years old, the carpenter's plane resembles those in modern use, and, amongst the other treasures, are axes, chisels, and saws, still sharp, a charcoal brazier, several anvils, ploughshares, and a broken sword.

Pupil-Farming in Manitoba.—"A Victim" writes:—
"Public attention is likely to be drawn for some time to the condition and surroundings of young Englishmen in Canada and the States. It only surprises me that such tragedies as the Benwell murder are not of more frequent occurrence, considering the number and the character of the men who go out, or are sent, to the Colonies, with little or no knowledge of the difficulties and dangers which beset them. I started from the London Docks in June, 1888, on one of the Allan Line steamers with 10/L in my pocket. My destination was a farm in Manitoba, fifteen miles from a town containing 3,000 inhabitants. To the proprietor of that farm I paid 50/L for a year's tuition, including board and lodging. After arrival, I spent one day in Montreal, and, thanks to the advice of a friend, avoided the companionship of the many gentlemen who stand about the hotels smoking cigars, and keenly watching for the arrival of a green Englishman, as they call him. After three days and three nights on the cars, I arrived safely in Manitoba and proceeded immediately to the farm, getting there just as the other pupils were leaving off work. I was introduced to the four pupils by the farmer, whom at first sight I knew I should not get on with. They were just going to have tea. This meal consisted of pork, potatoes, bread, sometimes butter and always tea, and was repeated three times a day. All through the summer we had to work from seven in the morning to seven in the evening. The work we had to do was sowing, harrowing, and breaking, in the spring; ploughing in the summer; harvesting, then backsetting, in the autumn, and finally, threshing in the winter, which is the hardest work of all, the temperature being frequently 30 deg. or 40 deg. below zero. I soon discovered my mistake, as numbers of farmers throughout Canada seve only too glad to get young Englishmen, give them board, lodging, tuition, and four or five dollars a month for their work, free of any premium whatsoever. As I said before, t



THE TURF.—Interest is now mainly centred in the Cesarewitch, which is to be run on Thursday next. At the time of writing Alicante, the French mare, was a very strong favourite, as little as Alicante, the French mare, was a very strong favourite, as little as Alicante, the French mare, was a very strong favourite, as little as Alicante, the property of the property -Interest is now mainly centred in the Cesarewitch,

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The principal events at Newmarket not noticed last week were the "The principal events at Newmarket not noticed last week were the "The principal events at Newmarket not noticed last week were the "The principal events at Newmarket not noticed last week were the Rousin which Shall We Remember defeated Bel Demonio, and the Rousin which Shall We Remember defeated Bel Demonio, and the Rousin which Shall We Remember defeated Bel Demonio, and the Rousin which shall be a Blanc's Gouverneur.—At Nottingham this week the Nottinghamshire Handicap fell to Glory Smitten, and the Welbeck Abbey Stakes to Greciau Bend. The evergreen Laceman, who was foaled as long ago as 1876, added another laurel to his wreath in the Lenton Firs Selling Plate.

FOOTBALL.—Already there have been several bad accidents, FOOTBALL.—Aready there have been several bad accidents, and at least one fatal one. We trust this season is not going to enjoy such a bad eminence in this respect as some of its predecessors, and that the new rules of the London Association dealing with rough play will not often have to be enforced. In League matches rough play will not often have to be enforced. In League matches on Saturday Preston North End beat Bolton Wanderers, West Bromwich Albion defeated Aston Villa, and Everton accounted for Accrington. The three winning clubs have not at present lost a match in the competition. Of other results we may note the crushing defeat inflicted on the newly-formed Somerset Rovers by the Casuals, the match between the Crusaders and Rochester, which roughed in the first named gaining the right to compete for the the Casuals, the match between the Crusaders and Rochester, which resulted in the first-named gaining the right to compete for the Association Cup, and the victory of Royal Arsenal over London Caledonians.—The Rugby season opened in the South on Saturday, but for the most part only trial games were played.—Football on roller-skates is the latest novelty. A game was played the other night at Olympia between the instructors and a scratch team. The rmer were successful by three goals to one.

night at Olympia between the instructors and a stratch team. The former were successful by three goals to one.

BOXING.—After all the talk and fuss which the match between Slavin and M'Auliffe had excited beforehand, the reality was somewhat disappointing. The fight came off in the small hours of Saturday morning, and in the second round, after only five minutes had elapsed, M'Auliffe was knocked out, and Slavin, for the twenty-seventh time in his career, left the ring an unbeaten man. Almost immediately an attempt was made to arrange a meeting between Slavin and Sullivan, but this was unsuccessful, as "John L." finds play-acting a more paying and less punishing game than prize-fighting. There is some chance, however, of an encounter between Slavin and Jackson, the negro, who have never yet met. The most definite result of Saturday's fight, however, was the arrest, for the second time, of the two principals. We shall now, we trust, at last get a definite decision as to the legality of "glove-fighting."

SWIMMING.—On Monday last J. J. Finney defeated the ex-Champion, E. T. Jones, in a 200 Yards Race at the Welsh Harp.—Mr. T. C. Easton, Secretary of the Professional Swimming Association, started last week from Oxford with the intention of swimming to London, remaining in the water for eight hours a day. Several attacks of cramp, and a strained leg, however, compelled him to abandon the attempt on the fourth day.—"Professor" Dalton, who swam from Blackwall to Gravesend the other day, complains that he has not received the 50% offered by an anonymous gentleman in the Press for the accomplishment of the feat. Anonymous gentleman

he has not received the 50% offered by an anonymous gentleman in the Press for the accomplishment of the feat. Anonymous gentlemen are apt to be more generous in their offers than prompt in their fulfilment; and we fear Dalton will have to content himself with the feat that his least and have done much be incorrect himself with the fact that his long swim has done much to improve his

CYCLING.—Of the new "records" created since we last wrote, we may mention the half-mile in 1 min. 8 1-5th sec. of W. C. Jones, and the fifty miles in 2 h. 25 min. 26 2-5th secs., and the sixty miles 1,255 yards in 3 hours, of H. Parsons. All these, we need hardly add, are vouched for by Mr. G. P. Coleman, and were made at the Paddington Recreation Grounds, and on pneumatic-tired "Safeties." Curiously appears that the pneumatic tire, which has Curiously enough, it appears that the pneumatic tire, which has created such a revolution in the cycling world, may be, after all, not a novelty. Some one has discovered an old patent, taken out in 1845, for an almost identical invention.



I.

THE reviews are a good deal more lively this month, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the holidays have brushed up the wits of contributors, and swept the accumulated cobwebs of the last twelve months from their brains. The subject which appears to exercise the minds of many editors this month is the labour question, or, as one minds of many editors this month is the labour question, or, as one of them pleasantly puts it, the Labour Revolution. An anonymous writer contributes a sensible article to the National Review, in which, under the name of "The New Ordeal by Battle," he discusses the feasibility of putting an end by Act of Parliament to the foolish and disastrous system of strikes. Grandmotherly legislation is always a rather doubtful expedient, but the writer argues his case well. He points out that private persons are not allowed to pummel each other in the public streets, because they would pummel each other in the public streets, because they would create a nuisance to the harmless passers-by, and he suggests that latour disputes, which, after all, are only commercial questions, should be settled by the same machinery as that which now settles a dispute about the construction of a contract. If the workrap did not allow the country they could give the tract. If the workmen did not like the award they could give up their work and go elsewhere, but they would not be permitted to use intimidation of any sort or kind to prevent other men from earning the wages they despised. On the other hand, the employer would not be allowed to be a wage to the decreed rates would not be allowed to open his works except at the decreed rates of now one thought to keep of pay, or to accept payment by way of subsidy from others to keep them closed.—This subject is treated by three writers in the Nineteenth Century. Mr. H. H. Champion leads off with the continuation of a conversation called "A Multitude of Counsellors," in which he are conversation called "A Multitude of Gounsellors," in which he comes to the conclusion that the risk and difficulty of getting any considerable reduction of working hours without the aid of the law crossiderable reduction of working hours without the aid law are so great, that the eight hours question is the question of an Eight Hours Bill or nothing, and in this connection he cites the debates on the Factory Acts fifty years ago. Mr. T. R. Threlfall contributes a paper on the "New Departure in Trades Unionism," in which he had been supported to the older that the support of the support of the older that the support of the support o in which he deplores the discontent produced among the older delegates by the introduction of Socialism into the Congress, and thinks it doubt. thinks it doubtful whether the Trades Congress will ever again be

so representative of the whole labour of the country as it has been for years.—The Hon. R. B. Brett, in "What Are the Ideals of the Masses?" propounds a riddle to which he vouchsafes no clear answer. His opinion appears to be that the working classes lack idealism and wise and capable leaders, but he only throws out the question. "What are the deeper motives in the working classes to idealism and wise and capable leaders, but he only throws out the question, "What are the deeper motives in the working classes to which an appeal can be made?" leaving it to others to grapple with the matter.—The New Review has two papers which bear on this subject; "Social Democracy and the Trades Congress," by G. Howell, M.P., and "Socialism and Economics," by H. M. Hyndman. In the former Mr. Howell stoutly resists the claim of the Social Democratic Federation to the victory at the recent Congress at Liverpool, and tells the delegates some unpleasant truths. The first result of the proceedings has been to lower the tone and lessen the prestige of the Congress; and the next to cause dissension and precipitate secession. The Congress has taken a step towards degenerating into a Social Democratic Convention, and has become revolutionary instead of industrial. These truths may be obvious ones, but it is none the less pleasant to hear them from such a man as Mr. Howell. Mr. Hyndman, in his article, reviews Professor Marshall's "Principles of Economics," and takes occasion to remark that Socialism is the only pill to cure all diseases, thereby directly contradicting Mr. Hovell. that Socialism is the only pill to cure all diseases, thereby directly contradicting Mr. Howell.

The death of Canon Liddon has naturally evoked many studies of his character. The Contemporary Review has an article by Canon Scott Holland, in which the great preacher is spoken of as he appeared in public and private life to one of his most intimate friends. In the New Review the Ven. Archdencon Pott writes a short article on the Canon's public life and work for the Church; and in Murray there is a sympathetic sketch among the "Notes of the Month."—The Sunday Magazine and the Scots' Magazine have short notes, and Tinsley's Magazine has an article by Charles J.

Ward, M.A., on Canon Liddon.

Dr. Herbert Snow returns to the Mattei controversy in the National Review, and defends himself against an article in the September number of the Review.—In the "Reform of Public Dinners," the Rev. Harry Jones seems to complain chiefly of the speeches, but no one is forced to listen to them, and, as long as the cigars are good, the speeches may be anything they like. His remarks about the placing of the guests are more to the point, for no one would care to be seated next to his mortal enemy; but, after all, the matter is not of any vital importance, and no one need go to public dinners unless he likes.—The Formightly Review has a very striking article on "The Jews in Russia," by Mr. E. B. Lanin, which will probably arouse as much controversy as his article on "Morality in Russia." last month.—A South African has "Some Remarks about South Africa," in which he deals with the question from a point of view slightly at variance with that usually question from a point of view slightly at variance with that usually accepted in England. He considers the idea that the English must supplant the Dutch in South Africa entirely erroneous, and thinks that a South African nationality will grow out of the fusion of the two races, which will differ from the English as the



Messrs. W. Morley and Co.—A sweet and comforting song for all who are burthened with mundane cares is "Cathedral Memories," written and composed by Sidney West and J. Jackson. An organ accompaniment (ad. lib.) adds much to the interest of this song when the instrument is available, but can easily be dispensed with.—A tale of a lover who does not know his own mind is "With Thee;" both words by John Muir and music by Thomas Hutchinson are plaintive, and will take with victims to the tender passion.—Of the same pathetic and yearning type as the above is "Down By the Sea," the words and music by Gerald Lane, published in four keys.—A cheery little encore song is "Margery's Wooers," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by J. M. Capel; it tells of a gay young widow and her three unsuccessful elderly suitors.—The first music of its kind to hand is "St. James's Dance Album for 1890," which contains seven very good specimens of its type: "When the Lights Are Low Valse" and "Encore Valse" (Theo. Bonheur), "Santa Claus Lancers" (Warwick Williams), "Pompeii Valse" (Hermann Rosa), "Rêve d'Eté Valse" (H. Bucalossi), "Flirtation Polka" (G. J. Rubini), and "Gesilla, an Arabian Dance" (Celian Kottaun).—Cheerful and tuneful is "Bergomask Danse" for the pianoforte, by Carl Malemberg.—"La Naïade Valse," by Theo. Bonheur, and "Dorothy Dene Valse," by Hermann Rosa, will take foremost rank in the dance programmes this season; both are prettily frontispieced.

The London Music Publishing Company.—A very sad tale of love and desertion is "Annie of Lochroyan," a traditional

Dene Valse," by Hermann Rosa, will take foremost rank in the dance programmes this season; both are prettily frontispieced.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—A very sad tale of love and desertion is "Annie of Lochroyan," a traditional Scotch ballad, which Erskine Allon has set to music with much skill and evident appreciation of its pathos. It is arranged for soprano, solo, mixed chorus, and orchestra, also with a pianoforte accompaniment. We can commend this simple work to the attention of small and great choral societies.—"The European Lancers," by Carl Kiefert, are attractive both within and without; the music is tineful and dance-provoking; the frontispiece is quite "a dream of fair women."—By the above-named composer is "Little Topsey Polka," which will be popular on account of its sprightly melody, and of the excellent portrait of Miss Topsey Sinden with which it is frontispieced.—"The Victor's Return," written and composed by Thomas Ward and Odoardo Barri, is about the best musical offering which has been laid at the feet of H. M. Stanley. A very good portrait of the hero is not the least attractive part of this song, which is published in three keys.—A new edition of Lindsay which is published in three keys.—A new edition of Lindsay which is propular song "Dream Memories" is only noteworthy for its portrait of Sims Reeves singing it before the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, reproduced from The Graphic.—"The Light Blue Valse," by Everard Feilding, is danceable, and the time is well marked, but it lacks originality.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A new edition, with violin obbligato, of Miscellaneous and composed sancymous, music by Mrs.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A new edition, with violin obbligato, of "Just for the Old Love's Sake," words anonymous, music by Mrs. Henry Shield, has made its appearance; this song has lost none of its popularity.—"Polka Caprice," by J. H. Bonawitz, is brilliant and criginal as its name would suggest (Massre Moutrie and San). and original, as its name would suggest (Messrs. Moutrie and Son).

—A welcome addition to the repertoire of advanced students is "Three Legends" for two violins with pianoforte accompaniment "Three Legends" for two violins with pianoforte accompaniment by J. Jacques Haakmar (Charles Woolhouse).—A capital specimen of its school is "The Naufilus Polka," by Emilie L. Growther (Messrs. Ridgway and Co.).—A charming drawing-room piece for the pianoforte is "Christmas Bells" ("Weile nachs Glocken"), by Richard Eilenberg; it will be first favourite in the rapidly approaching festive season (Messrs. Hawkes and Son).—"The Carnena Valse," on subjects from Ethel Kennedy's Moonlight Serenade "Home Sweet Moon. Bring Him Home." is tastefully arranged nade "Home, Sweet Moon, Bring Him Home," is tastefully arranged for piano and orchestra by Percy Hotspur (The Musical Co-Operative

Association).

SEALSKINS PROMISE TO BE DEAR THIS WINTER. Scarcely 15,000 seals have been caught in Behring Sea this season, instead of from 40,000 to 50,000, while the catch on the islands of St. Paul and St. George only amounts to 21,000 instead of 100,000.



THE METROPOLITAN V. LUNTEER STRENGTH now reaches 35,888 officers and men—646 above last year's numbers. There are 51 corps belonging to the Home District; which includes the Volunteers of Berks, Bucks, and Oxfordshire, but excludes those of Kent and Fesser. Kent and Essex.

MOUNTAINEFRING in our own country has been unusually free from accident this season, but a fatal disaster has now occurred on a Welsh peak. A lady sketcher from London on Saturday ascended from the Llantysilio Valley to Bryn Eglwys, to see the sunset. When close to the summit she fell down exhausted from the steep climb, and died on the spot.

THE LAST PERFORMANCE OF THE PASSION PLAY at Oberammergau took place on Sunday. Up to the last, crowds of visitors thronged the village, and on the previous Sunday the press was so great that an overflow representation was held on Monday. Now that the great rush of foreign tourists is past, the peasantry pour in from considerable distances. The Play has been a wonderful pecuniary success, the receipts being double those of 1880.

THE GRAVE OF ANOTHER FAMOUS MUSICIAN has been disturbed THE GRAVE OF ANOTHER FAMOUS MUSICIAN has been disturbed this week in Vienna. Gluck's remains were transferred on Tuesday with much ceremony to the Avenue of Celebrities in the new cemetery, close to the tombs of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, and the Opera chorus sang a selection from his Orpheus during the reinterment. The composer's body had lain in the little suburban churchyard of Matzleinsdorf since 1787, the grave being quite neglected. At the disinterment the coffin was found to have fallen to pieces, and in the earth were a broken skull, a few bones, a tooth, and the remnants of a fine brown wig.

and the remnants of a fine brown wig.

THE CZAR'S NEW SPECIAL RAILWAY TRAIN is just finished, and proves a most elaborate construction to ensure comfort and safety from disaster. There are ten carriages—a highly decorated saloon for the Czar and Czarina placed in the centre of the train, another for the Czarewitch, and a third for the younger members of the Imperial family, two apiece for the suite and the servants, one for the kitchen, another fitted as a workshop for all necessary repairs, and a dining-car. The Czar's saloon is made of steel, and very solidly built, while the others are lightly put together, so that in case of accident they could not crush the Imperial car. Two platforms, guarded by steel barriers, are placed at the front and back of the train, for a military escort if needed.

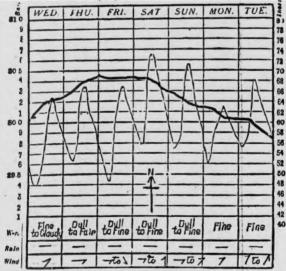
The British Post-Office carried 2.511.253.000 letters. cards. THE CZAR'S NEW SPECIAL RAILWAY TRAIN is just finished,

THE BRITISH POST-OFFICE carried 2,511,253,000 letters, cards, and parcels during the postal year ending March 31st, according to the official report just issued. The letters alone reached 1,650,100,000, of which 85'2 per cent. were delivered in England and Wales, including 29'8 per cent. in the London Postal District; 9 per cent. in Scotland, and 5'8 per cent. in Ireland. This was an increase of 5'9 per cent., and at the rate of 43'5 letters for each inhabitant of the United Kingdom. Every department showed a considerable increase—letters, parcels, telegraphs, money-orders, considerable increase—letters, parcels, telegraphs, money-orders, pattern-post, and so forth, and, while valentines diminished, the Christmas correspondence caused an enormous amount of extra The newspaper competitions form another great source work. The newspaper competitions from another great source of increase. The net postal revenue of the year was 3,346,087.—an advance of 146,443. on the previous twelvemonth.

THE BRITISH CENSUS of April 5th next will be the largest and most elaborate ever taken in this country. Not only has the population increased vastly since the last numbering of the people in 1881, but additional information is required, such as the number of rooms occupied in all houses containing less than five rooms, and— for Wales—whether each inhabitant speaks both Welsh and English. The other particulars needed are—name, sex, age, rank, profession or occupation, condition as to marriage, relation to head of the family, birthplace, whether blind, deaf, or dumb, imbecile or lunatic. ramily, birthplace, whether bind, dear, of dumo, inherite or that the Fully eight or nine millions of schedules will be distributed by the special enumerators, who last time numbered 35,000, and earned about 11. 14s. 3½d. apiece for a very hard week's work. Special iron offices are being put up in Charles Street, Westminster, for the Registrar-General's staff engaged in the Census-work. Speaking of Census-taking, New York contests the late enumeration, which cave her a nonplation of rather over a million and a-haff, instead of gave her a population of rather over a million and a-haff, instead of the estimated 1,700,000. Accordingly, a fresh count began on

#### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (32th ult.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

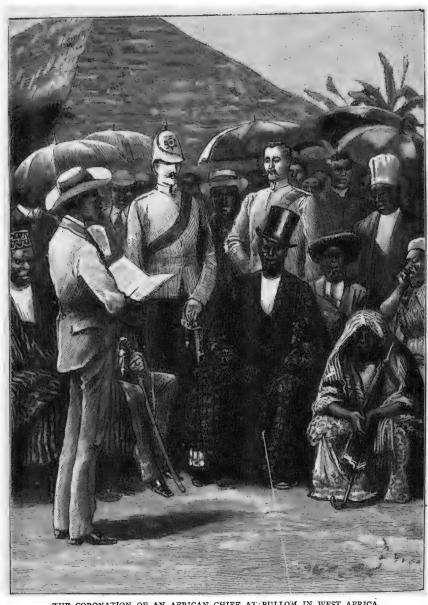
miniming realings for each day, with the tapproximatery line at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.—The weather of the past week has been rather unsettled and showery in the North and West, but has been mostly fine and dry in the South and South-East of the United Kingdom. Pressure has been lowest in a series of depressions, which has moved in a North-Easterly course outside our Northern Coasts, and highest in anticyclones to the Southward of our Islands. Thus, the winds have blown chiefly from some Westerly point throughout the time, and although occasionally freshening to slight gale force in the North and West have been, on the whole, of moderate strength. The weather has been rather cloudy and showery over the more Northern half of the United Kingdom, but distinctly fair or fine for the season in most other parts of the country. Temperature has again been decidedly high for the time of year. Maxima have been at times above 70° in several parts of England, and even as far North as Aberdeen on one occasion Friday (26th ult.), while a reading as high as 70° was reported from Cambridge on Saturday (27th ult.)

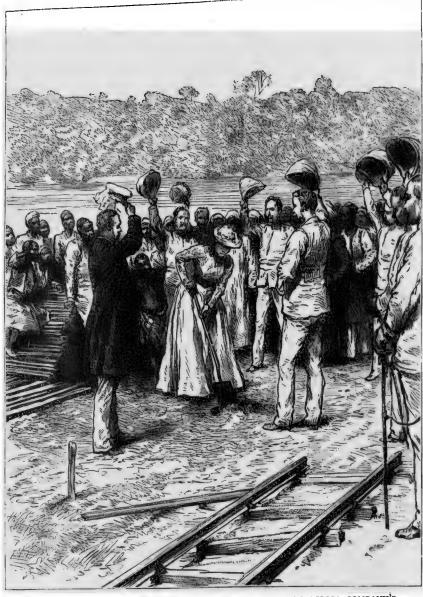
The barometer was highest (30°46 inches) on Thursday (25th ult.); lowest (29°75 inches) on Tuesday (30th ult.); range 0°71 inch.

The temperature was highest (73°) on Saturday (27th ult.); lowest (49°) on Wednesday and Friday (24th and 26th ult.); range 24°.

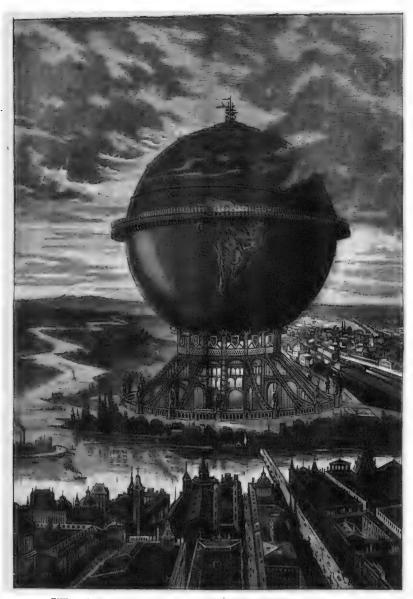
No measurable rain has fallen.



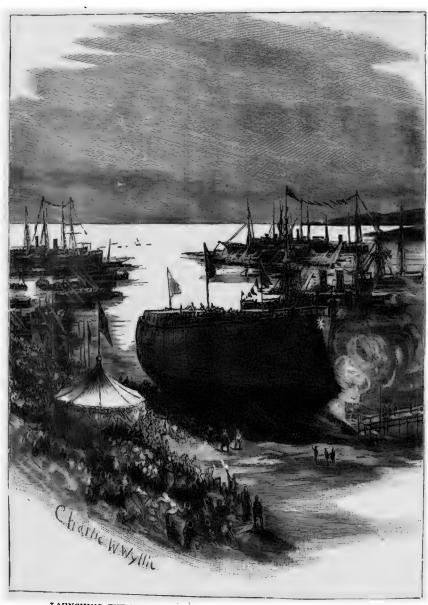
THE CORONATION OF AN AFRICAN CHIEF AT BULLOM IN WEST AFRICA THE KING LISTENS TO THE TREATY OF HIS FATHERS



TURNING THE FIRST SOD OF THE IMPERIAL BRITISH EAST AFRICA COMPANY'S RAILWAY, WHICH IS TO EXTEND FROM PORT REITZ, MOMBASA TO KAVIRONDO ON VICTORIA NYANZA



THE PR()POSED MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, TO BE ERECTED AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION OF 1892, TO CELEBRATE THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA



LAUNCHING THE NEW ITALIAN IRONCLAD "LA SARDEGNA" AT SPEZIA



Considering that we are an Imperial race, it is surprising how little most of us know of the great dependencies and possessions of the British Empire. If we except the few soldiers and administrators to whom the prose and poetry of Indian life comes as second nature, to most people Hindostan is as much the land of romance as it was in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Sir W. W. Hunter is endcavouring, by means of the excellent "Rulers of India" series, to enlighten the ignorance of Pagett, M.P., and of his constituents, on the means by which the vast Empire of the Kaisar-i-Hind was built up. The second volume of the series is "Akbar," by Colonel Malleson, C.S.I. (The Clarendon Press), which deals with the rise of the Mughal, or Mogul, Empire under the Emperors Babar and Akbar. The real founder of the Mughal Empire was one of the most remarkable Eastern potentates who ever lived, for not only was he a great general and conqueror, but also a far-seeing administrator and consolidator, while in learning and statesmanlike toleration he had no need to fear comparison with any European Sovereign of his time. But perhaps the greatest, proof of his CONSIDERING that we are an Imperial race, it is surprising how trator and consolidation, the training trator and consolidation he had no need to fear comparison with any European Sovereign of his time. But perhaps the greatest proof of his intellectual power was his proclamation of liberty of conscience in an age when religious intolerance and persecution were considered necessary to Statecraft even in Europe. Akbar was born in Sind on October 15th, 1542, at a time when his father, born in Sind on October 15th, 1542, at a time when his father, Humayun, was vainly endeavouring to hold together some fragments of the mighty Empire which Babar, the grandfather, had won. The future ruler of India had a stormy childhood, partly in captivity and partly in his father's camps. Humayun died on January 24th, 1556 when his son was a little over thirteen years of age, leaving the boy heir to the shadow of his grandfather's Empire. But young as he was, Akbar was already at the head of an army fighting against his father's enemies, and in Bairam Khan he had an adviser and guardian who was widely celebrated as a statesman and as a general. So rapid was the march of events that, before the end of the year, Akbar was able to force his rival Hemu to fight a decisive battle on that very Plain of Panipat where, thirty years before, Babar had won Hindostan. The battle was fought on November Babar had won Hindostan. The battle was fought on November 5th; Hemu was defeated and slain, and from that time forward Akbar was without a formidable rival in India. For four years more he remained under the tutelage of his Bismarck, Bairam more he remained under the tutelage of his Bismarck, Bairam Khan, but, in 1560, he resolved to govern for himself, and politely dismissed the powerful Minister who, shortly afterwards, was stabbed by an Afghan from motives of private revenge. When he began to rule alone, Akbar was only eighteen years of age, but those eighteen years had been full of hardship, and had taught him the lessons of adversity. At an age when most boys are still at school, he had mapped out his own career, had discovered wherein lay the weak points of his ancestors' rule, and had realised what course was necessary to make the Muchal Empire a dynastic and course was necessary to make the Mughal Empire a dynastic, and not merely a personal, sovereignty. His great idea was to unite all India under one head, and, as a union of beliefs was impossible, he India under one head, and, as a union of beliefs was impossible, he decided to bring about his object by establishing a union of interests. From thenceforward he was less a conqueror than a consolidator, and in every battle he fought, and in every State he annexed, he had this aim in view; and so great was his success that he was able to transmit a powerful and well-knit. Empire to his descendants. During his reign India was free from foreign invasion, and universal peace was established among all classes. Akbar died-on October 15th, 1605, at the age of sixty-three, and was succeeded by his son Prince Salim, better known as the Emperor Jahangir. Colonel Malleson has done his work well, and has given us a sketch of the Mushal Empire in the days of Elizabeth that should be widely read. Mughal Empire in the days of Elizabeth that should be widely read. The only fault is that, having to deal with a large subject in a small space, Colonel Malleson occasionally fails in perspective, and overcrowds his canvas with names and facts. Otherwise the little book is a most excellent one, and is quite worthy of a place in the series which is removing the last vestige of an excuse for ignorance on the

broader outlines of Indian history.

It has been Mr. Froude's good or evil fortune to be roundly abused for most of his books, and for none more than for his "Life of Carlyle." The edge of the controversy has now been dulled by time, but the interest in Carlyle's life still survives, and therefore Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. have included in their." Silver. Series" Mr. Froude's "Thomas Carlyle: a History of the First Forty Years of His Life." These two volumes cover the years from 1795—1835, and contain the record of Carlyle's early struggles, of his life in Scotland, of his marriage, of his removal to London, and of his struggle with the "History of the French Revolution." These forty years contain the history of Carlyle's apprenticeship, as Mr. Froude puts it. When they were ended, the historian was a master in his craft, and on the eve of universal recognition as an original and extraordinary man. Mr. Froude has been bitterly attacked for the light in which he has drawn his friend, but in his defence he quotes no less an authority than Carlyle himself, who, in his review of Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," seems almost to have anticipated the objections made to Mr. Froude's "Life" of himself. The present volumes are a reprint from the first edition, are of a comfortable size for reading, and are printed in good clear type. They contain a portrait of Carlyle in 1849, looking very rugged and grim, a portrait of Mrs. Carlyle, taken from a miniature in Mr. Froude's possession, and etchings of Ecclefechan, Craigenputtock, and other places visited by Carlyle. The edition is a most excellent one, and all admirers and followers of the Prophet of Chelsea will be glad to have it.

Palestine is a land which appeals most vividly to the imagina-tions of all of us, but for the Christian of Jewish blood it has a double interest. This is very clearly shown in "The Story of my Wanderings in the Land of my Fathers," by Isaac Levinsohn (Alfred Holness). The author is a young Russian Jew who left his family, and, after enduring much hardship abroad, finally reached England and became a convert to Christianity in suite of all the England and became a convert to Christianity in spite of all the entreaties and threats of his friends and relations. A year or two ago he was sent out to found a Protestant Mission in Palestine, the land of his fathers, and for this purpose travelled through the Holy Land from Joppa to Damascus. The narrative of his travels is not particularly interesting except for his own personality, which lends an air of romance to the journey that is wanting in other books of travel over the converted to travel over the same ground. If the Jews are to be converted to Christianity it must be done by men of their own race who understand them, and look on the New Testament as a continuation of the Law, and not by men who begin by telling them that the mere fact of their being Jews is sufficient to condemn them unheard. Mr. Levinsohn succeeded in his mission, and seems to be an earnest man who has his heart in his work.

A new volume has been added to that most useful series, "Great Writers," in the "Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne," by Moncure D. Conway (Walter Scott).—The author of the "Scarlet Letter" is one in whom the English public have always felt a personal kind of interest, although one in whom the English public have always felt a personal kind of interest, although perhaps it has never known very much about him. However, Mr. Moncure D. Conway has produced a most excellent biography, which has the great merit of showing us the man as he lived and breathed, and not, as is too frequently the case, as a mere shadow made by the twisting of the author's fingers and thumbs. shadow made by the twisting of the author's fingers and thumbs.

The whole Series has maintained a very high standard throughout, and this life of Hawthorne in no way falls short of its predecessors. It is proverbially easy to be wise after the event, and most histories are open to the reproach that they tell of the events of long ago, not as they actually occurred, but as the historian sees them, or wishes to see them. It was therefore a brilliant idea to lay the original authorities under contribution, and to let them tell their story in their own words, without twisting them to suit the bias of original authorities under contribution, and to let them tell their story in their own words, without twisting them to suit the bias of some modern school. "The Days of James IV.," edited by G. Gregory Smith, M.A., is the latest addition to the Series of "Scottish History from Contemporary Writers" (David Nutt), and is so arranged as to tell the story clearly and connectedly. The authorities drawn upon are the Royal Letters, the State Papers, Polydore Vergil, Hall, and many other contemporary writers. There are Vergil, Hall, and many other contemporary writers. There are some excellent illustrations in the book, and a couple of sketch maps of Scotland as it was in the early days of the sixteenth century.

century.

Not long ago men braced themselves for a mighty effort by shouting "Westminster Abbey or Victory;" now they look forward to the time when some surviving young friend shall include them in a "Popular Series." Great statesmen, great authors, and suchlike are now nearly all classified like so many dried beetles, but there still remained a number of persons, out of whom something might be made were they impaled on the biographical nib, who could hardly be ticketed off with the other specimens. It was reserved for the be ticketed off with the other specimens. It was reserved for the ingenious Messrs. Vizetelly and Co. to sweep all these amorphous celebrities into one comprehensive series, under the title of "People. Who Have Made a Noise in the World." To Mr. Percy Fitzgerald was entrusted the first of them, "King Theodore of Corsica." This wonderful adventurer got himself elected King of Corsica by the islanders when they were fithing for their liberty against the Genores. islanders when they were fighting for their liberty against the Genoese Republic, and from 1736 to 1743 actually contrived, in spite of every obstacle, to maintain his position with more or less success. After his fall he lived in London, and was imprisoned for debt, finally dying miserably in December, 1756, without a penny in the world. "Count Königsmark, and Tom of Ten Thousand," by Henry Vizetelly, is the second volume of the same series. The Count was hardly so respectable as Theodore of Corsica, for his claim to notoriety.

rests on his having instigated the murder of Squire Thynne, of Longleat, otherwise "Tom of Ten Thousand," in Pall Mall. The story is told at some length in this volume, and though the Count was acquitted on the charge of murder, there is little doubt that it was by his orders that the murder was committed.

A volume of essays on labour questions, under the strange title of "Wheelbarrow," comes from the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. The author chooses this name, as he began life in America as a railway havvy, and, having thus served as a labourer, has a peculiar right to speak of matters interesting to labouring men His papers are nearly all distinguished by shrewd common sense, and his refusal to believe in fine speeches and visionary schemes shows him to be a hard-headed practical man. His parable of the man who invented a perpetual motion machine would show this, if

nothing else did. That absorbing topic, the weather, must have interested our ancesround absorbing topic, the weather, must have interested our ancesstors from the very earliest times, to judge from the amount of weather prophecy and prediction which is to be found in English folk-lore. "Weather Wisdom from January to December," by Wilfrid Allan (Field and Tuer), is a very amusing collection of these ancient saws and rhymes. It only costs supence, and will be quite as useful as a harmster to most recolle."

barometer to most people.

The tenth volume of Professor Masson's edition of " De Quincey"

The tenth volume of Professor Masson's edition of "De Quincey" (Adam and Charles Black) contains the articles on "Literary Theory and Criticism." Among them are the "Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected;" the papers on "Style," "Language," and "Conversation;" and the "Notes from the Pocket-Book of a Late Opium-Eater."

"The Encyclopædia Americana" (Hubbard, Bros., Philadelphia, and Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited) is an American Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and contains matter not to be found in the parent work. The third and fourth volumes, which end the book, are admirably full and well illustrated, and form an indispensable addition to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."



"THE PARADISE OF THE NORTH," by David Lawson Johnstone "THE PARADISE OF THE NORTH," by David Lawson Johnstone (1 vol: Remington and Co.), is an attempt to realise the old and romantic fancy—if it be only a fancy—that the inmost heart of the Polar region is a sort of earthly paradise, guarded from the outer world by barriers of ice and snow. The singularly capable and fortunate explorers who set sail in the Aurora were so favoured as to reach the Pole itself, which seems to be marked by the mouth of a strange abyss descending unfathomably in the line of the earth's axis; the spot being in the midst of a fertile region called Islöken by its inhabitants, who appear to have immigrated from Scandinavia in prehistoric times, and to have retained the manners Scandinavia in prehistoric times, and to have retained the manners and characteristics of their Viking forelathers. Under such cirand characteristics of their viking foleraties. Once a surface cumstances, where an author may set his own limits to his imagination, the chief question is whether he has been wise enough; and artist enough; to avoid comparison with Baron Münchausen. Mr. Johnstone has shown remarkable tact in avoiding obvious improbabilists. Johnstone has shown remarkable tact in avoiding obvious improbabili-ties—perhaps his neglect to give a promised map may be taken as an instance of it; and his view of Isloken and its people is marked by more consistency than is common even in real travellers' descrip-tions of real countries. One thing we regret to find—the whole-sale slaughter, scientific and otherwise, the taste for which we trusted had departed. The line of what is called by its admirers the Homeric style might be conveniently and agreeably drawn at the Equator. As a piece of geographical and ethnological romance, "The Paradise of the North"—which is exceptionally well written

is decidedly entertaining.
"The Mesmerist," by E. H. C. Oliphant (I vol.: Eden, Remington, and Co.), is a rather crude and amateurish attempt to combine the favourite subjects of hypnotism and criminal investigation. The hypnotic romance still remains to be written; up to the present the subject has proved invariably uninteresting in the hands of novelists, and, considering its essential odiousness, all the better. Its falling into really competent hands would be a public misfortune. Mean-while, story-tellers do not seem to have got beyond the point of while, story-tellers do not seem to have got beyond the point of imagining the simple case of murder by deputy; and it is getting wearisome. Mr. Oliphant has set a stupid amateur detective to work against a stupider hypnotist, who mistake one another for clever people. His idea is to turn the reader's suspicions in wrong directions; but he has not acquired the easy and elementary trick, well-known to every expert, of doing so effectively. Moreover, his characters are too shadowy to make the reader care in the least which of them is the real villain

which of them is the real villain.
"The House on the Scar; a Tale of South Devon," by Bertha Tomas (I vol.: Sampson Low and Co.); is a variant of the good old story of the young woman with the two lovers one dull, humble, unselfish, and faithful; the other brilliant, masterful, selfish, and a scoundrel. It need not be told beforehand which of the two Amy Beverly prefers. The reader must not think, however, that he is going to be put off with a mere love story. The villain of the piece is sketched on quite a heroic scale—he is a desperate

slave-trader, under the euphemistic title of "labour agent," in the South Seas; and the last meeting between the rivals is conducted on a lonely rock off the coast of Brittany in ultra-sensational style. on a lonely rock off the coast of Brittany in ultra-sensational style. There is a good deal of lunacy among the characters generally; indeed, we are by no means sure that had "Great Sandy," the Antipodean nickname of the villain, been tried for the murder which is quite a matter-of-course event in his story, Broadmoor would not have been his fate instead of the gallows. The situations are forced and unnatural enough; but nobody can accuse the characters of being commonplace or the incidents of being tame.

From these narratives of adventure, slaughter: mystery, and

From these narratives of adventure, slaughter, mystery, and crime, it is actually refreshing to turn to the innocent simplicity of Mrs. O'Reilly's "Hurstleigh Dene: (I vol.: Longmans and Co.). It is presumably written for young people—at any rate, it is about young people—but we should say that its most appreciative readers would be considerably older than its dramatis persone. These would be almost too virtuous for coeval sympathy were it not for their genius almost too virtuous for coeval sympathy were it not for their genius.

almost too virtuous for coeval sympathy were it not for their genius for getting into scrapes and out of them again; they are all as good as they are mischievous, and as inischievous as they are good. The story leads to grown-up marriages; but that is of little consequence. The volume is in reality a chronicle of childish adventures and misadventures, pleasantly written and mildly amusing.

Mrs. Molesworth's "The Story of a Spring Morning, and Other Tales" (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), deals, like her numerous other works, with children of a much more real order, and is, therefore, the more likely to be popular with its intended public. It is to be feared that at all periods of life sympathy is scarcely compatible with perfection. The principal story turns upon an ancient question of honour—that great unwritten law against "telling," even to the point of bearing the blame justly due to others. We are glad to say that Mrs. Molesworth takes the wholesome riew of the question; but that, indeed, goes without saying. She could not write anything but what is sympathetic and wholesome even if she tried. if she tried.

#### -RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. ÆLIAN PRINCE has gone to the Arthurian Legend to find a theme for his muse. His poetical story is "Of Palomide, Famous Knight of King Arthur's Round Table" (E. W. Allen). Accertain artificiality of style may be necessary to the antiquity of the incidents portrayed, but, as a result, Mr. Prince is sometimes obscure, and his idiom is awkwardly strained. Thus he writes:—

One mist-clad, breathless noon, as was his wont, To allay the fierceness of his rain, and win A new and pleasant voyage for his thoughts, He harped upon his bed.

The last line may mean that the Knight played a somewhat cum-bersome musical instrument as he lay stretched at full length on his couch, or that he talked monstrously of a piece of household furni-The fault of obscurity is even more obscure in these lines :-

ile, dungenned to await The hour when Mark should end his earthly liours, Awoke Mark's pride in other bate and love! Outspoken at the feast when courtly tongues Talked Camelot-and, there-now, here-now, round-Flew whispers, with eye-wantonness, when named One maiden.

We are not surprised that the lips of one Mark when he heard these wanton-eyed whispers

Stirred with pale spasms.

Readers attracted by the quality of the quotations may be gratified to learn that there is plenty more of the same sort in this epic; indeed a little over a hundred pages, averaging thirty-five lines to

the page.

A pretty book of infantile verse is "Peter's Paradise: A Child's Dream of the Crystal Palace" (Simpkin), composed by George H. Robinson, and illustrated by James Denholm. Many children will enjoy the pictures and the poem, the latter, by the way, opening

I know a little child named Peter,
I am sure you cannot find a sweeter,
This is Peter.

We have also received from Mr. Walter Scott a new volume of the Canterbury Poets Series, an authorised version of the "Poems of Owen Meredith" (the Earl of Lytton), selected with an introduction by M. Betham Edwards.

DIAMONDS INSERTED IN THE FRONT TEETH form the latest eccentricity across the Atlantic.

HELIGOLAND is settling down most comfortably under her new rule, and the islanders are much amused by a patriotic play brought out at the theatre-German Heligoland.

POSTAGE TO NEW ZEALAND viz San Francisco and the direct Mail routes is to be reduced to 21d, according to the sanction of the Wellington House of Representatives. Letters marked viz Brindisi, however, must still pay the old 6d. rate.

A SOCIALIST THEATRE will open shortly in Berlin. Cheap performances will be held on Sunday afternoons for the benefit of the working classes, while all seats will be charged alike, the spectators drawing lots for the different parts of the house.

SOLDIERING AS A PROFESSION no longer attracts British youth as of yore. The working classes prefer the good wages and short hours of industrial employment, so the number of recruits enlisted this year falls much below both the average and the quantity

A WALK FROM CENTRAL ASIA TO ST. PETERSBURG is being A WALK FROM CENTRAL ASIA TO ST. PETERSHORG IS BEING attempted by a Russian officer, anxious to outdo the Cossack who made the journey on horseback last spring. Lieutenant B obtained six months' leave from his duties in the Vladivostock garrison, and started recently on his long walk with only a small knapsack containing his kit and a few provisions.

HUMAN HAIR FROM CHINA is imported largely both to England of France. "It comes chiefly from the heads of beggars, criminals, and dead persons, cheerfully remarks the British Consul at Canton. In France the Chinese tresses are considered too coarse for feminine wear, and serve solely to adorn the helmets of the cavalry officers, the private soldiers being allowed only horsehair for their flowing plumes.

THE "FIRE-DRAGON" is one of the titles given to the present Chinese Emperor by his people, owing to the disastrous conflagra-tions already included in his short reign, notably at the Summer Palace and the Temple of Heaven. Now the Chinese are thinking of changing their ruler's nickname to the "Water Dragon," as the repeated floods are worse than the fires. Such violent and continuous rain has not been known for many years, and much suffering prevails in the inundated districts.

BRITISH VISITORS TO PARIS at this tourist-season will not be pleased to learn the extent of the adulteration practised in the wines and mineral waters. Out of 863 wine samples examined last week by the Municipal Laboratory only 251 were good, the remainder being plastered, watered, and otherwise adulterated. Many of the so-called mineral waters are positively harmful, and the Government have requested the Academy of Medicine to examine them, in order that the sale of certain kinds may be



"ALONE"

FROM THE PICTURE BY WALTER LANGLEY, R.I., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE

"Borne on the swift though silent wings of time
Old age comes on apace"



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"My dear-dear Julian," Elizabeth stroked Julian's arm with her gentle hand, "O Julian! Do I pray thee not dance any more with Anthony."

#### DARTMOOR" OF TALE "URITH:

S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &C

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

"URITH," said Anthony together to the dance at the Cakes; I have said we would."

"The dance, Anthony! It cannot be."
"Why not? Because I particularly desire it?"
"Nay—not so, assuredly; but the time is so short since my mother's death."

"But our marriage makes that as nought. It has turned the house of mourning into one of merriment—or—it should have done so. It suffices that I intend to go, and I will take you with me."

"Nay—Anthony, I would not cross you——"
"You do—you object." He spoke with irritation. "Do you not see, Urith, that this life of seclusion is intolerable to me? I have been unaccustomed to the existence which befits a hermit. I have been wont to attend every merry-making that took place— I have been unaccustomed to the existence which believe he happy to laugh and dance and sing there, and eat and drink and be happy.

I protest that it is to the angle of the without my amusements

I protest that it is to me as displeasing to be without my amusements as it would be to a kingfisher to be without his brook, or to a peewhit to be condemned to a cage."

But cannot you go without me?" asked Urith, disconcerted.

No; it will be noted and remarked on. You are my wife—you are a bride. You ought to, you must, appear where others are. Wilsworthy? Do you not feel as cramped by it as must have felt Noah in the Art. 2." Willsworthy? Do you not feel as cramped by it as must have felt

"I do not, Anthony."

"I do not, Anthony."

"You do not, because you have never been out of the Ark, bred in it, you are accustomed to its confined atmosphere. I am not. I love to meet with and be merry with my fellows, and I cannot go alone. Why Urith, on the fair day I went to Kilworthy, and there was Bessie. What did she say to me, but—'You should not be here, be at any entertainment in a neighbour's house without Urith?'"
"Did Bessie say that?"
"Ves she did" Why, Urith, on the fair day I

"Yes, she did.

"Then I will go with you to the Cakes, Anthony."
It was customary in former times for the gentlefolks of a neighbor depression of the control bourhood to meet at each other's houses, at intervals, for dances and carouses—the young folks for dances, their elders for carouses. On such occasions the burden of entertainment did not fall wholly, or to any serious extent, on the host in whose house the assembly took place. Each guest brought with him or her a contribution to the feast—ducks, geese, capons, eggs, cheese, bottles of wine, pasties, honey, fruit, candles, flowers—very much as at a picnic nowadays, each party invited contributes something. The host actually furnished little more than the use of his house. Even the servants of the guests were expected to assist, and generally attended on their own masters and mistresses, behind whose chairs they

The Cakes occupied a quaint old barton, named Wringworthy, in a central position for the neighbourhood; and they had an excellent hall for a dance, well appreciated by the young gentlefolks of the

The evening for the dance arrived. Folk went early to a dance in those days, before the darkness had set in. Many were on the road; none in coaches: all on horseback—the young ladies seated on pads behind their grooms.

Clattering along at a good pace came Fox, riding alongside of Elizabeth Cleverdon. He had gone to Hall to fetch her. She was annoyed: she did not understand the attention, in her simple mind. The idea never entered that he had designs on her hand. She did The idea never entered that he had designs on her hand. not wish to feel prejudiced against him; at the same time she did not like him, and was unable to account to herself for this

Her father made much of him. Fox was now constantly at Hall, and had made himself companionable to the old man. Bessie with pain contrasted his conduct with that of her brother, who had never put himself out of the way to be agreeable to his father—had not courted his society and sought to be a companion to him. She was grateful to Fox for his efforts to relieve the old Squire of his desola-

from by giving him so much of his society.

Fox was her brother's friend, and she had no doubt that he was at Hall with the purpose of doing his utmost to further a reconcilia-tion between Anthony and his father. For this she thanked him in her heart, yet could not stifle the dislike that would spring up and assert itself notwithstanding. Nor did she like the look that Fox cast at her occasionally. He meant no harm, doubtless: he was but showing her that he was acting as her confederate in the cause which, as she trusted, both had at heart. Nevertheless, she wished he would not look at her with that cunning, wounding twinkle in his eyes.

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## THE GRAPHIC

Tresently Fox and Bessie caught up Anthony riding with Urith on pillion behind him. Fox greeted them hoisterously, and Bessie threw him and Urith a kiss. Anthony acknowledged Fox's greeting with warmth, but that of his sister with a little coldness. He was annoyed with her for her tameness in submitting to her father. There was no opportunity for more than a word, as Fox urged on his horse, and that of Elizabeth Cleverdon, with his whip to a pace with which Anthony was unable to keep up. The old Willsworthy mare was a clumsy piece of horseflesh, not comparable in any way with the beasts from Hall and Kilworthy stables. Anthony was aware of this, and somewhat ashamed.
On reaching the house of The Cakes, the sound of music was

audible—a couple of fiddles, a bass, and a clarionette; but, in the noise of voices, salutations, and laughter, the melody was drowned; only occasionally the deep grunt of the bass, and the shrill wail of

the clarionette, like that of a teething babe, were audible.

The hall was full. It was not large, as we nowadays reckon size; but it was of sufficient size to accommodate a good many, and not so large as to make them feel chilled by the vastness of the space. From the hall opened a parlour, in which were set out card-tables for

Directly Anthony and his wife entered, Bessie signed to Urith to sit by her. She was uneasy at the pointed way in which Fox paid her attention, kept near her, and talked with her. She could see that his conduct had attracted notice, and that she was the subject of a good deal of remark. She was sad at heart—little inclined for merriment; but she had come, as her father desired it; and, always conscientious, and desirous to sink her own feelings so as not to disturb and distress others, she concealed her inner sadness, and assumed a gentle, pleased manner natural to her when in company. She had been wont from early childhood to shut up her troubles within her heart from every eye, and to wear a composed exterior; consequently this was less difficult to her now than it might have

been to others less self-disciplined.

Urith, moreover, was not best satisfied to find herself at a merry-making so shortly after her mother's death; and, besides, was so wholly unaccustomed to one, that she felt frightened and bewildered. She snatched at once at the chance of sitting by Bessie, as a relief to the painful sense of loneliness and confusion in which she was, confused by the crowd that whirled about her—lonely in the midst of it, because strange to most of those composing it. Anthony was among friends. He knew every one, and was greeted heartily by all the young people, male and female; but she was thrust astled by them as they pushed forward to welcome him, and she was jostled outside the throng which had compacted itself round him.

At the most favourable time she would have felt strange there, for

her mother had never taken her to any rout at a neighbour's house; she had been to no dances, no dinners—had been kept entirely aloof from all the whirl of bright and butterfly life that had made country life so enjoyable; and now she was oppressed with the inner consciousness of the impropriety of appearing at a dance at such a brief interval after the earth had closed over her mother. At once, with nervous self-consciousness, Urith rushed into self-exculpation.

"I would not have come—indeed, I did not wish to come; but Anthony insisted. He said he could not come without me; you had told him that, and—I did not wish to stand in the way of his pleasures. He has worked very hard; he has been cut off from his usual associates; he has had no holiday—so I thought it well to

"Yes, you did right. You will find Anthony exacting. That he always was, but good at heart," said Bessie.
"I do not dance myself—I cannot dance," said Urith in further self-excuse; "so that it will not seem so very strange my being here if I simply look on."
"You will have to dense to see the local the latter than the local terms of the latter than the local terms."

"You will have to dance—to open the ball with Anthony, I suppose, as you are the bride."
"I! O, but I do not know how to dance. I never have danced. I do not understand the figures. I do not distinguish between a brawl, a rant, and a jig."
"That is unfortunate—but it will serve to excuse you; yet I think you must essay to foot it once with Anthony. He is certain to unsist on it."

" Urith flushed. "How can I dance

"But I do not knowwhen I have never practised the measures and the paces?"
At that moment Anthony came up.
"Come, Urith," said he; "we must open the ball. All are waiting for you."

"But I cannot, Anthony."

He made a movement of impatience. "Nonsense; you must!"
That was in his old imperious manner, which Bessie knew so well.
Bessie said aside to Urith, "Make the attempt. You cannot well

go wrong."

go wrong."

Urith stood up—nervous, trembling, turning white and red, and with the tears very near the surface.

"Look here," said Anthony. "Father thinks, because I am thrust out of Hall, that every one may kick at me—that I am of no account any more. Let us show that it is otherwise. Let them see that I am something still, and that my wife is not a nobody. Come!" He whisked her to her place at the head of the room.

Urith saw that all eves were on her, and this increased her

Urith saw that all eyes were on her, and this increased her nervousness. As she passed Fox she caught his malicious eye, and saw the twirl of laughter and cruel jest on his lip.

"I cannot—and let me alone, Anthony," escaped her again. She was frightened.

"Have done. I do not want you here to make a fool of yourself and me; and that you will do if you slink back to your

"But I cannot dance, Anthony." "Folly! I will put you to-rights. With half a pinch of wit you cannot go wrong."

The music struck up, the clarionette squealed, the violins sawed, and the bass grunted. In a moment Urith was caught away—felt herself swung, flying, she knew not where. She knew not what she was doing. She could neither keep step with the music, nor discover the direction in which she had to go. She saw faces—faces on every side—full of laughter, amusement, mockery. She was there a drift from Anthony was ground for his band, could not thrown adrift from Anthony, was groping for his hand; could not see him, could not tell where he was, what she had to do; got in the way of other dancers, was knocked across the floor, knocked back again; ran between couples—then, all at once, she was 'ware of

Anthony pushing his way to her, with an angry face, and an exclamation of, "You are no good at all; get back to your chair. I won't dance with you again and be made a laughing-stock of."

He left her, where he had thrust her out of the dance, to find her

way back to Bessie, and strode off to Julian, caught her by the hand,

and in a moment was fully engaged.

He was maddened with vexation. It was unendurable to him that he had been the occasion of laughter. Every other girl and woman in the room, however plain, could dance—only his wife not. She alone must sit against the wall! That it was his fault in forcing her to come against her wishes-his fault in making her attempt to do what she had protested her ignorance of—he did not recognise. The wife of Anthony Cleverdon ought to take a prominent place—ought to be able to dance, and dance well—ought to be handsomer, better dressed, more able to make herself agreeable, than any other woman! And there she was—helpless! Handsome, indeed; but with her beauty disguised by an unbecoming dress; silent, sulky, on the verge of tears. It was enough to make his heart fill with gall!

On the other hand, here was Julian Crymes in a charming costume, bright of eye, fresh of colour, full of wit and banter, moving easily in the dance, light, confident, graceful. Julian was glowing with pleasure; her dark eyes flashed with the fire that burned in her soul, and the hot blood rolled boiling through her veins.

For some moments after she had taken her seat Urith was unable to see anything. The tears of shame and disappointment filled her eyes, and she was afraid of being observed to wipe them away.

But Bessie took her hand, and pressed it, and said, "No wonder you were agitated at this first appearance in company. No one will think anything of it, no doubt they will say you are a young-and modest bride. There, do not be discouraged; the same would have happened to me in your circumstances. What—must I?"

The last words were addressed to Fox, who came up to ask her to dance with him. She would gladly have excused herself, but that she thought a dance was owing to him for his courtesy in coming to Hall to accompany her.

"I am not inclined for more than one or two tweet this evening."

"I am not inclined for more than one or two turns this evening," she said to Fox; "for there are many here younger than I, and I would not take from them the dances they enjoy so much more

As the tears dried without falling in Urith's eyes, and her heart beat less tumultuously, she was able to look about her, and seek and

It was with a stab of pain in her heart that she saw him with Julian. They were talking together with animation, her great eyes were fixed on him, and he bent his head over her. Urith knew the heart of Julian—knew the disappointed love, the rage, that consumed it; and she wondered at her husband for singling this girl out as his partner. Then the represented herself: for she argued, that as his partner. Then she reproached herself; for, she argued, that this heart, with its boiling sea of passion, had been revealed to her,

not to him. He was unconscious of it.

Urith followed him and Julian everywhere; noted the changes in his countenance when she spoke; felt a twinge of anguish when, for a moment, both their eyes met hers, and they said something to each other and laughed. Had they laughed at her awkwardness in

Elizabeth passed before her on Fox's arm, and, as they did so, she heard Fox say, "Yes, your brother is content now that he is with Julian. You can't root old love out with a word."

Bessie winced, turned sharply round, and looked at Urith, in the hopes that this ill-considered speech had not been heard by her. But a glance showed that Urith had not been deaf: her colour had felded to an achieve the speech had not been deaf. faded to an ashen white, and a dead film had formed over her sombre eyes, like cat-ice on a pool.

Bessie drew her partner away, and said, with agitated voice, You should not have spoken thus—within earshot of Urith."
"Why not? Sooner or later she must know it—the sooner the

Bessie loosened herself from him, angry and hurt. "I will dance with you no more," she said: "You have a strange way of speaking words that are like burrs—they stick and annoy, and are heard to term area."

hard to tear away. She went back to take her place by Urith, but found it occupied. She was therefore unable at once to use her best efforts to neutralise the effect produced by what Fox had said.

Urith's face had become grave and colourless, the dark brows were drawn together, and the gloomy eyes had recovered some life or light; but it was that of a Jack-o'-Lantern—a wildfire playing over them.

Anthony danced repeatedly with Julian. The delight of being with him again, of having him as her partner—wholly to herself—if only for a few minutes, filled her with intoxication of pleasure, and disregard of who saw her, and what was said concerning her. Her heart was like a flaming tust of gorse, blazing fiercely, brightly, with intense heat for a brief space, to leave immediately, brightly, with intense heat for a brief space, to leave immediately after a blank spot of black ash and a few glowing sparks; and Anthony stooped over her enveloped in this flame, accepting the flattering homage, forgetful of his responsibilities, regardless of the future, without a thought as to the consequences. Her bosom heaved, her breath came hot and fast, her full lips trembled.

Urith's eyes were never off them, and ever darker grew her brow, more sinister the light in her eyes, and the more colourless her

Suddenly she sprang up. The room was swimming around her; she needed air, and she ran forth into the night. The sky was full of twilight, and there was a rising moon. Though it was night, it was not dark.

She stood in the road, gasping for air, holding the gate. Then she saw coming along the road a dark object, and heard the measured tramp of horses' hoofs. It was a carriage. Along that road, at midnight, so it was said, travelled nightly a death-coach, in which sat a wan lady, drawn by headless horses, with on the box a

For a moment Urith was alarmed, but only for a moment. The spectral coach travelled noiselessly; of this that approached the sound of the horse-hoofs, of the wheels, and the crack of the whip of the driver were audible.

The carriage drew up before the entrance-gates of the house, and a gentleman thrust forth his head.

"Ho! there! Do you belong to the house? Run in, summon Anthony Crymes. Tell him his father wants him—immediately."

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### CAUTIONS

URITH entered the hall again, and told Fox that his father was without, and wanted him.

without; and wanted him.

"My father!" exclaimed young Crymes. "Oh! he is home from the Session of Parliament, where they and the King have been engaged in offering each other humble pie, for which neither party has a taste. What does he want with me?"

"I did not inquire," answered Urith, haughtily.

Mr. Crymes had not known her in the road, when he called out have early his conto him.

to her to send his son to him. the dance, but he could not disobey his father, so he took his hat and coat, and went

Mr. Crymes was waiting for him, in the coach. "I heard you were here, on my way. Stirring times, my hoy, when we must be up and doing."

"So am I, father; you took me off from a saraband."
"Fie on it! I don't mean dancing. Come into the coach, and sit with me. I have much to say."

"Am I to desert my partners?" "In faith! I reckon the maids will be content to find another better favoured than thee, Tonie."

Fox reluctantly entered the carriage, but not till he had made

another effort to be excused. "Julian is here, is she to be left without an escort?"

"Iulian has her attendants, and will be rejoiced to be free from your company, as when together ye mostly spar.

When the coach was in movement, Mr. Crymes said, "I have come back into the country, for, indeed, it is time that they who love the Constitution of their country and their religion should be preparing for that struggle which is

"I thought, father," said Fox, "you were sent up to West-minster to fight the battle there. It is news to me that warfare is

to be carried on by Cut and Run. I suppose you were in risk of

being sent to the Tower?"
The old man was offended.

The old man was offended.

"It will oblige me if you reserve your sarcasts for others than your own father. I come home, and you sneer at me."

"Not at all; you mistake. I wondered how the Constitution was to be preserved here, when the great place of doctoring and drenching the patient, of bleeding and cupping, is at Westminster, and you were sent thither to tender your advice as to how that same Constitution was to be dealt with."

"The battle is not to be fought there," said Mr. Crymes, "nor with tongues. The field of conflict will be elsewhere, and the weapons keener and harder than words."

"The field of conflict is, I trust, not to be here," remarked Fox; "your sagacity, father, has assuredly taken you to the furthest

"your sagacity, father, has assuredly taken you to the furthest possible distance from it. As soon as these weapons stronger than tongues are brandished, I shall betake me to Lundy or the Scilly Isles."

"You are a coward, I believe," said Mr. Crymes, in a tone of annoyance. "I expect to find in you—or, rather, but for my experience of you, I might have reckoned on finding in my sou—a nobler temper than that of a runaway."

"But, my good father, what other are you?"

"If you will know," said Mr. Crymes, petulantly, "I have come into the country—here into the West—to rouse it."

"What for?"

"For the cause of the Constitution and Religion."
"And when the West is roused, what is it to do? Stretch itself,

and lie down to sleep again?"

Nothing of the kind, Tonie.

To not mind confiding to you to not mind confiding to you to not mind confiding to you. that we expect a revolution. It is not possible to endure what is threatened. The country will—it must—rise, or will lose its right to be considered a free and Protestant country." Mr. Crymes waited, but, as his son said nothing, he continued. "The Duke of Monmouth is in the Low Countries, and is meditating an invasion. The

mouth is in the Low Countries, and is meditating an invasion. The Dutch will assist; he is coming with a fleet, and several companies levied in Holland, and we must be organised and ready with our bands to rise as soon as he sets foot in England."

"Not I," said Fox. "If you, father, venture your neck and howels for Monmouth and the Protestant cause, I content myself with tossing up my cap for King James. Monmouth's name is James as well as his Majesty's, so my cap will not compromise me with either; and, father, I only toss up my cap—I will not risk my neck or bowels for either by drawing sword."

"You are a selfish, unprincipled rogue," said Mr. Crymes. "You

You are a selfish, unprincipled rogue," said Mr. Crymes. "You

"You are a selfish, unprincipled rogue," said Mr. Crymes. "You have neither regard for your country nor ambition for yourself."

"As for my country, I can best care for it by protecting such a worthy member of it as myself, and my ambition lies in other lines than political disturbance. I have not heard that either side got much, but rather lost, by taking parts in the Great Rebellion, whether for the Parliament or for the King. The only folk who gained were such as put their hands in their pockets and looked on."

"By the Lord!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "I am sorry that I have such a son, without enthusiasm, and care for aught save

I have such a son, without enthusiasm, and care for aught save himself. I tell you the Earl of Bedford secretly inclines to the ninself. I tell you the Earl of Bedford secretly inclines to the cause of Monmouth, and has urged me to come down here and stir the people up. Now, when his Lordship——"

"Exactly," scoffed Fox. "Exactly as I thought, he keeps safe and throws all the risk on you. Nothing could so induce me to caution as the example of the Earl of Bedford."

In the mean time. Bessie at the dance, was in some uneasiness.

In the mean time, Bessie, at the dance, was in some uneasiness. She had missed Urith when she went out of the house, and, after her return, noticed that her face was clouded, and that she was short of speech. Bessie took Urith's hand in her lap and caressed it. She did not fully understand what was distressing her sister-in-law. At first she supposed it was annoyance at her failure in dancing, but soon perceived that the cause was other. Urith no longer responded to her caresses, and Bessie, looking anxiously into her dark face and following the direction of her eyes, discovered that the conduct of Anthony was the occasion of Urith's displeasure. Anthony was not engaged to Julian for every dance, but he singled her out and got her as his partner whenever he could, and it cas apparent that she took no pleasure in dancing with any one else; she either seigned weariness to excuse her acceptance of another partner, or danced with him without zest, and with an abstracted mind that left her speechless.

Bessie Cleverdon, the last person in the room to think hardly of another, the most ready to excuse the conduct of another, was hard put to it to justify her brother's conduct. He did not come to his wife between the dances, treating her with indifference equal to a slight, and he lavished his attentions on Julian Crymes in

a manner that provoked comment.

"They are old friends, have known each other since they were children, have been like cousins, almost as brother and sister," said Bessie, when she felt Urith's hand clench and harden within her own as Anthony and Julian passed them by without notice, engrossed in

as Anthony and Julian passed them by without notice, engrossed in each other.

"You must think nothing of it—indeed you must not. Anthony is pleased to meet an old acquaintance and talk over old times. It is nothing other," again she protested, as Urith started and quivered. The bride had encountered Julian's eye, and Julian had flashed at her a look of scorn and gratified revenge. She was fulfilling her threat, she was plucking the rose out of Urith's bosom.

Presently Julian came across the room to Bessie, with eyes

Presently, Julian came across the room to Bessie, with eyes averted from Urith.

"Come with me," said she to Bessie Cleverdon, "I want a word with you, I am hot with dancing. Come outside the porch." She put her arm within that of Anthony's sister, and drew her forth on the drive, outside.

the drive, outside. When there, Julian said, "Bessie, what is this I hear on all sides.

When there, Julian Said, Dessie, Walle Are you engaged?"

"Engaged! What do you mean?"

"Engaged to Fox, I am told of it by first one and then another; moreover, his attentions to you were marked, and all noticed them, that has given strength to the general belief."

"It is not true!" exclaimed Bessie, becoming

"It is not true. It is not true!" exclaimed Bessie, becoming crimson with shame and annoyance, "who can have set such a wicked story affoat?"

"Nay, I cannot tell that. Who can trace a piece of gossip? But the talk is about, in the air, everywhere. There must be some

foundation for it."

"None at all, I assure thee—most seriously, and most honestly, none at all. You pain me inexpressibly, Julian. Deny it whenever you hear it. Contradict it, as you love me."

"I do love thee," answered Julian, "and for that reason I have hoped it was false, for I pity the maid that listens to Fox's tongue and believes his words. If it be true—"

"It is not true, it has not a healermorn of truth in it."

"It is not true; it has not a barleycorn of truth in it."
"But he has been much at Hall, every week, almost every other

day."
"Because he is Anthony's friend, and he is doing what he can for him with my father."

Julian laughed. "Nay, never, never reckon on that. Fox will

do no good turn to any one, leastwise to Anthony. He go twice or thrice a week to Hall on other concern than his own! As well might the hills dance. Trust me, if he has been to Hall so oft, it has been that he sought ends and advantages of his own. I never knew Fox hold out the end of his riding-whip to help a "That may be," said Bessie Cleverdon. "But he has not come for me. I pray let my name be set aside. I have nothing to do with him. He has not so much as breathed a word touching such matters to me. I pray you deny this whenever you hear it, and to whomsoever you speak concerning it."

Julian laughed.

"I am glad I have thy word that there is naught in it, as far as thou art concerned. I spoke of it to Anthony, and he also laughed me out of countenance thereat. But he trusts Fox. I would not know, Bess, what notion came on me? I fancied that Fox was seeking thee, because he reckoned that the strife between Anthony and his father would never skin over, and that the old man would

make thee his heir."
"No! no!" exclaimed Elizabeth, in distress. "Do not say such things, do not think such things. I am certain that you mistake

"What! you take up the single-stick to fight in his defence?"

"What! you take up the single-stick to fight in his defence?"

"I will fight in defence of any man who is maligned. I cannot think of Fox what you say. I pray, say no more hereon. You pain me past words to express, and there really is no ground for what you do say."

"Take care! take care! Bess. I know Fox better than do you,

better than does any one else, and he may yet play you such a move

as will checkmate you."

Elizabeth did not answer. The two girls took a turn on the lawn together, and Bessie drew Julian's arm tighter to her side; she even laid her disengaged hand on her shoulder, clinging to her, as a

suppliant.

The attitude, her manner was so full of entreaty, that Julian halted in her walk, turned to her, and asked, "What is it that you want, Bess?"

"My dear—dear Julian," Elizabeth stroked Julian's arm with her gentle hand, "O Julian! Do I pray thee not dance any more with Anthony."
"Why not. Bess?"

Why not, Bess?"

Elizabeth hesitated. She was unwilling, almost unable, to express her reasons. An unrest was in her bosom, a fear in her heart, but nothing had taken distinct shape.

"My dear, dear Julian, I entreat you not. You should feel that it were fit that my prother should dance this evening with his wife

-with Urith."
"She can no more dance than a goose," answered Julian Crymes,

"She can ho more dance than a goose, asswered Julian Crymes, bluntly.

"That is true—I mean, she cannot dance very well; but it is not seemly that she be left out altogether, and that he should be so much with you."

"Why not? We are old friends."

"Do you not feel, Julian, that it is unfitting? She—I mean Urith—must feel hurt."

"She is hurt!" repeated Julian with a thill of triumph in

"She is hurt!" repeated Julian, with a thrill of triumph in her voice; but this Bessie did not notice. It never for a moment occurred to her that it could give exultation to Julian to know that

occurred to her that it could give exuitation to Junan to know that she had pained another.

"Indeed, you must consider," pursued Bessie. "The poor young thing has not had the chance of learning to dance, and Anthony is without much thought; he seeks his pleasure. Young men do not think, or do not understand the hearts of girls. I watched Urith, and I believe that every step you took trod on her heart."

"It did!" Her tone shocked Bessie, who for a moment released her arm and looked in her face, but in the darkness could not see

the expression.

"Indeed it did," she continued; "for, as she could not dance, it seemed a slight and forgetfulness of her that she was left to sit out, and Anthonyamused himself with you and withothers. He meant out, and Antinonyamused timself with you and with others. He meant no harm, I know that very well; but, nevertheless, he hurt her much, and she bled with inward pain. She was shamed, and should not have been shamed before a great many people on her first appearance after her marriage, at a rout."

"You should administer your exhortations, Bess, to Anthony. I have not the custody and-responsibility of that wild, vixenish colt, Urith."

Urith."

"I cannot get a word with Anthony, and you, Julian, are dancing with him three times to any other partner's one."

"Would you have him sit down at her side and twiddle his thumbs, like a disgraced child in a corner?"

"I would have him and you think of the feelings of a young girl who is sad at heart," said Bessie, gravely. Julian's tone distressed her; a glimmer of the true condition of affairs entered her mind and filled it with horror and indignation.

"Julian," she said, in a firmer tone, with less of appeal in it and more of command, "at one time I used to think that we were like to become sisters—"

more of command, "at one time I used to think that we were like to become sisters—"
"What, by your taking Fox? It is not too late."
"Do not—do not banter on that subject. You know my meaning. I did suppose that Anthony would have sought his happiness in you. But it has pleased God to order it otherwise. Now he must find his happiness—not at Kilworthy, nor at Hall, but at poor little Willsworthy, that bleak meor farm, and not with you, but with Urith. He has sacrificed a great deal for her—lost his home, lost his father, almost lost me, has given up wealth and position, and he must be compensated for these losses in his own new home. It is not right that you—that any one should do anything to spoil this chance, to rob him of his compensation in full. Anthony can be nothing to you for the future. Leave him alone. Do not play with him, do not draw him away from Urith. He has now already mighty odds against him; do not, for God's sake, do not anything that may make the odds overwhelming, and blight and ruin his happiness here and for ever. For, Julian, it is now, in the first months of marriage, that his state will be determined one way or the other. Mar the concord between him and his wife now, and it may never Mar the concord between him and his wife now, and it may never again be found; and that concord lost, with it to wreck goes the whole life of my brother. If ever, Julian, you had any love for Anthony, if now you have any kindly feeling towards him, let him

She paused and waited for an answer. None came, Julian walked faster, dragged her up and down the lawn as she clung to

her.

"It was Anthony's doing that Urith came to-night; she was averse to appear, but he insisted on it. She told him she could not dance; he forced her to take her place with him at the head of the room for a measure. Did she ever seek him out? Never. He thrust himself upon her. When her mother died, she had no desire to be hurried into marriage, but he overruled all her objections. He, ever thoughtless, inconsiderate of others, has taken her up out

"Enough, enough, about her," said Julian, "when you speak of her my anger foams. Speak of him, of his happiness jeopardised, and I cool. What! Has it come to this, that I—I in my gloveless hands hold the fortunes, hold the hearts of these two, to beat and batter them together, and crush and break them both? What if I threaten to do it?"

"You are too good at heart to make the threat, or, if made, to

make it good."

was silent again. She took several turns in front of the house. The sounds of revelry streamed out to them. Through the open porch door, along with the light, and occasionally in the porch itself came a flash of colour as a girl stood there in her bright tinted dress with the blaze of the candles upon her. Bats were wheeling,

and their shrill scream pierced the ear.

"Let me alone, Bess," said Julian. "I cannot breathe, I cannot think when you are by me; my head is like a weir, and all my think when you are by me; my head is like a weir, and all my think when you are by me; my head is like a weir, and all my think when you are by me; my head is like a weir, and all my

think when you are by me; my nead is like a wen; my thoughts tumble, boiling, spattering over, beaten to foam."

Elizabeth withdrew to the porch, where she seated herself, and watched the excited girl on the lawn. She had put her hands to her head and was still pacing up and down, now fast, then slowly, according as her passion or her good nature prevailed.

There is the door came Anthony, shouting. "Where is Julian?

according as her passion or her good nature prevailed.

Then out at the door came Anthony, shouting, "Where is Julian? She promised to dance the Mallard with me? Bessie, have you seen her? I claim hier for the Mallard."

Julian heard his voice, and stepped back under the shade of a bank of yews. There was before her gravel, and in that gravel a piece of white spar that shone like a flake of snow in the dark. If she stepped out to that piece of spar he would see her, claim her, and—her evil nature would have got the upper hand. Whither would it lead her? She did not ask that. She saw before her now only the alternative of a half-hour's mad pleasure on the arm of Anthony, of cruel triumph over his already humiliated wife, and abandonment of the contest.

abandonment of the contest.

abandonment of the contest.

The struggle was over with unexpected brevity. The tune of the Mallard struck up, and Anthony went back into the hall without her, to seek for her there, or to find there another partner.

Then Julian heard the burst of voices in song, for the Mallard was a country dance led by two, with chorus by all the performers as they turned their partners, and went in chain with linked, reversed arms down the room. reversed arms, down the room.

SHE: When lambkins skip, and apples are growing.
Grass is green, and roses ablow.
When pigeons coo, and cattle are lowing,
Mist lies white in the vale as snow.

CHORUS: Why should we be all the day toiling r Lads and lasses along with me!

Done with drudgery, dust, and moiling.

Come along to the greenwood tree.

riz: The cows are milked, the teams are a-stable, Work is over with set of sun. Ye farmer lads, all lusty and able. Ere the moon rises begins our fun. CHORUS: Why should we, &c.

Julian came to the porch to Elizabeth.
"Go," said she, "tell my servants to make ready. I will return
home. I will not go indoors again, till the horses are at the door,
My father has returned, and Fox is with him. Be that my

Bessie put up both her hands to the face of Julian, drew down her head to her, and kissed her. Then she disappeared.
Julian remained without, listening to the ballet.

SHE: O sweet it is to foot on the clover, Ended work, and revel begun, Cloft the planets never give over, Dancing, circling round of the sun.

CHORUS: Why should we, &c.

HE: So Ralph and Phil, and Robin and Willie, Kiss your partners, each of you now; Bet and Prue, and Dolly and Celie, Make your curtsey; lads! make a bow.

CHORUS: Why should we be all the day toiling? Lads and lasses along with me!

Done with drulgery, dust, and moiling,
Come along to the greenwood tree.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

THE RIDE HOME

WHEN Julian Crymes had departed, it appeared to Anthony that the dance had lost its principal charm, and he wearied of it. "Come, Urith," said he; "I think we will go. It is late." This was almost the only time he had spoken to her since the

opening dance.
"I am ready," she answered; "have been for two hours."
He went forth to see after the horse, and had it brought round to the door. He took his place in the saddle, and Urith sat behind to the door. He took his place in the saddle, and Urith sat behind him. They rode forth from the grounds into the high road, along which their course lay for a mile and a half, after which it diverged over moor. Anthony did not speak, and Urith remained equally silent. She had her hand on his belt, and he felt the pressure. He was vexed with her; she had not done him credit that evening. She was uncouth, and unfit to associate with people accustomed to social intercourse—unable to take a part in the amusements such as is expected of every young person. She was decently dressed, but without richness and refinement of taste, and in an old-fashioned gown that had been her mother's. The blood rushed into his head as he thought of how folks must have laughed at him and her when she failed in the opening dance. She was the bride of the evening; every one was prepared to concede to her the place of preeminence, but she had shown herself wholly incapable of occupying the place offered her. Then how uninteresting she had appeared beside the other girls present! Their faces had been radiant with mirth, hers dull with discontent and ill-humour.

What if he had appeared there with Julian as his bride? How

What if he had appeared there with Julian as his bride? How different all would have been! She would have been well, hand-somely dressed, and in all the inherited jewellery of the Glanvilles. somely dressed, and in all the innerticed lewellery of the Gianvilles. She would not have sat a whole evening mum against the wall. She would have shown herself queen of the revel. A warm breath, sweet as if laden with gorse essence, fanned his face at the thought, and was followed at once by a sharp and icy blast. Julian had been refused by him with all her wealth, her rank, her accomplishments, her beauty, and what had he acquired instead?

her beauty, and what had he acquired instead?

How could he have supposed that Urith was devoid of all those feminine delicacies of manner which enable a woman to place herself at ease in all society? She had thrown a cold wet blanket over his joy on this first coming forth into the world from his seclusion at Willsworthy. Then Anthony went on spinning at the same dark thread of ideas. He asked himself what there was in Urith that had attracted him, why it was that he had been so infatuated as to had attracted him, why it was that he had been so iniatuated as to throw his luck to the winds so as to possess her. When the head begins to reckon, then the heart is on the way to bankruptcy.

He counted over the advantages he had rejected, measured the sacrifices he had made for Urith's love, and he asked what she

could throw into the scale to outweigh all this?

His hand twitched the bridle, and made the horse toss his head and plunge.

Urith also was occupied with her own thoughts. It had been a relief to her to get away from the laughter and music and revelry of Wringworthy; she thought that, could she be away from the heated room and swaling candles, in the cool night air, under the stars, her tranquillity of mind would return. But it was not so. Anthony's silence, her sense of having offended him by her clumsiness, her dread lest his love for her should be cooling, above all, the haunting spectre of a fear lest Julian should be fulfilling her threat, and be weaning from her the heart of her husband, followed her, and filled her blood with fever. But she strove against this fear, fought it with all the weapons at her command. It was impossible

fought it with all the weapons at her command. It was impossible that his love, so strong, so unselfish, which had cost him so much, should evaporate, and that his heart should sway about like a weathercock. The resolution wherewith he had pursued his end, weathercock. The resolution wherewith ne had pursued his end, that proved him to have a strong character, and not one that is turned about in every direction.

He had some excuse for being out of humour. He was proud of He had desired to let all see what a woman he had got as

her. He had desired to let all see what a woman he had got as his wife. He was disappointed, and the depth of his disappointment was the measure of his pride in her.

But then there rose up before her mind the picture of Julian on Anthony's arm, with burning cheeks and bright eyes, looking up in his face, and his eyes resting upon her with a warmth that should his face, and his eyes resting upon her with a warmth that should be in them only when fixed on the face of his wife. Did she not know that glow in his countenance? That fire in his eye? Had he not looked at her in the same way before they were married? "Do you intend to drag me off my horse?" asked Anthony, "that you pull at my belt so roughly?"

"that you pull at my belt so roughly?"

"And you, that you draw the rein so short and make the mare

Urith knew nothing of the world. It had ever seemed to her inconceivable that after the bond and seal of marriage the thought of either should stray; that any one should dare to dream of loving a man who was pledged in heart and mind and soul to another woman. Yet Julian as much as told her she still loved Anthony, would use all her fascinations to draw him to her and away from his wife. Was Anthony so weak that his conscience would suffer him to be thus attracted from the place of duty? No—a thousand times, no. He was not so feeble, so lacking in moral strength as this.

this. They had turned off the high road upon the moor. Here was no stoned road, no road that lay white in the darkness before them, but turf, by daylight recognisable as a road by hoof marks, and the fret of feet over the turf. By night it could be followed only by observing stones set up at intervals and capped with whitewash. Stones had been picked off the roadway and thrown on one side, so that the turf was smooth almost as a racecourse. The head of the horse was turned now somewhat easterly. The sky above the rugged that the turi was smooth almost as a racecourse. The head of the horse was turned now somewhat easterly. The sky above the rugged moor range was silvery, and from behind a rocky crest rose the moon, doubled in size by the haze that hung over the moor, and seemed like a mighty flame of the purest white light.

"There, there!" said Urith. "Do you see, Anthony; the moon is up above that old Lyke Way, along which we made our first journey together."

She disensaged her hand from his helt, and put it round his mainty.

first journey together."

She disengaged her hand from his belt, and put it round his waist.

He raised his head and looked away to the east, at the ridge of moor and rock, black against the glittering orb. He remembered then how he had mounted her on his horse—how he had stood by her and looked into her eyes! He recalled the strange magic that had then come over him—a longing for her, mingled with a presentiment of evil—a fear lest she were drawing him on to destruction. That fear was verified—she had lured him on to his ruin. He was a ruined man: he had lost all that he valued—the esteem He was a ruined man; he had lost all that he valued—the esteem of his fellows, the comforts and luxuries of life. Then began again the odious and monotonous enumeration of the sacrifices he had

made. Why did Urith remind him of that ride? Did she want to find occasion to reproach him? Was it not enough that he was scourging himself with the whips of his own thoughts for his precipitate

ing himself with the whips of his own thoughts for his precipitate folly in marrying her?

But Urith was not at that moment thinking of reproach. She breathed moor air, was beyond hedges and enclosures, in the open, vast, uncultivated heather-land, and there her brain had cooled, and her heart had recovered composure. The atmosphere was other than that of a ball-room, which had filled her with intoxication, and had bred phantoms that had affrighted her.

As he rode on, with the light of the rising moon on his face, Anthony felt the pressure of Urith's hand below his heart. The pressure was slight, and yet it weighed heavy on him, and interfered with his breathing; that light hand as it rose and fell with the motion of the horse; and at each inhalation seemed to strike reproachfully against his side, to knock, and bid him open to better thoughts.

How was it that he was so changed—that he, who had forced himself on the reluctant Urith, had not let her alone till she had yielded to his persistency to precipitate the marriage—that he should be trying to shift the blame on her? If he had made sacrifices to win her, she had not invited him to do so; he had done it with his eyes open—he had done it moved by no other influence, urged by his own caprice solely. his own caprice solely.

It had never occurred to him that Urith had made sacrifices on It had never occurred to him that Urith had made sacrifices on her part; that he had demanded them of her, and given her no rest till they were made. He had made her marry him against her conscience and wishes, too quickly after her mother's death, and against her mother's dying orders. But he considered that what was done, could not be undone; that as he had made his bed, so must he lie, as he had laden himself, so he must trudge. What then was the use of repining, and fretting over the past?

"Yet—it was the Lyke Way," he said, in a low tone, "the way of death, on which we set our feet together."

"No," she said, "not altogether." She released her hand from his heart, and placed it on the arm that held the bridle. "Stay the mare a moment, Tonie."

" Why?"

"I have something to tell you."

"Can you not say it as we ride on—it is late?"
"No—stay the mare."

"No—stay the mare."

He drew rein.

"Well—what is it?" he asked, a little impatiently.

She looked round.

"We are quite alone?"

"Yes—of course—who else could be here?"

Then she put her hand on his shoulder. "Turn your ear to me,

Tonie. I will not say it aloud."

He did as required. But she did not speak for a few moments.

He showed signs of impatience.

Then she gathered resolution, and whispered something into his ear; only a word or two, but he started, and turned in his saddle.

"What! Urith—is it true?" 1 "I must not ride with you more after to night," she said, and her eyes fell.

Then he put his arm round her, and drew her to him, and kissed her on one cheek, then on the other, then on her mouth, and laughed

"Hold tight!" he said. "Put both arms round me, both hands on my heart! O Urith! What will my father say when he knows this? He will relent. He must."

(To be continued)

HOSTESSES IN COUNTRY HOUSES who arrange their own table-decorations should take a hint from the French style of mingling flowers and fruit. Thus, in French châteaux every care is taken to mix the colours of fruit and blooms are a related an artistic nowers and fruit. Thus, in French châteaux every care is taken to mix the colours of fruit and blossom so as to produce an artistic effect. Low silver dishes are used, with a wreath of flowers round the edge, or single blooms are dropped loosely amongst the fruit. Roses harmonise best with peaches, Marguerites form a graceful frame for greengages, mauve china-asters tone effectively with deep purple plums, and dark-blue larkspurs set off the yellow egg-plum.



PICTURESQUE LONDON-THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL AND GARDENS
FROM A DRAWING BY H. W. BREWER AND E. K. JOHNSON, R.W.S.



Just as the two great Teutonic Powers are displaying their JUST as the two great Teutonic Fowers are displaying their friendship so prominently, the views of the remaining member of the Triple Alliance are of special interest. If Signor Crispi's statements to a correspondent of the Paris Figaro accurately reproduce Government opinion, Italy seems bent on improving her relations with FRANCE by most lavish flattery, as though she feared being left in the lurch by her allies. The Italian Premier insists the band no share in the Triple Alliance is feared being left in the furch by her affices. The Italian Premier insists that he had no share in the Triple Alliance, it was concluded before he took office, and is simply defensive, Italy not being likely to risk her present position for the delusive hope of more territory. Again, this Alliance has not yet been renewed, for what statesman would engage his country two years ahead? "Do what statesman would be our friends or our enemies in two years." what statesman would engage his country two years ahead? "Do we know who would be our friends or our enemies in two years?" Signor Crispi does not expect war unless France acts rashly, as "France dominates Europe," and he further hints at general disarmament if France would but begin. Emperor William is too bon garçon to cause war, he thinks, while the enormous armaments will end by ruining Europe for the benefit of America. These sentiments have much impressed the French, who gladly turn to a fresh subject from the wearisome disclosures of discreditable domestic politics. The Comte de Paris' parting letter to M. Bocher is no better liked than the rest of recent revelations; his avowal that he utilised Boulangism, and would use any arms, against the Republic better liked than the rest of recent revelations; his avowal that he utilised Boulangism, and would use any arms, against the Republic, being generally set down as cynicism. The manifesto has crushed the Royalists for the time, and will result, probably, in forming a Young Orleanist party, not bound to the Comte's opinions. General Boulanger Limself derides the idea that when he had gained the highest position in France he would have made way for the Comte. Evidence of the curious means adopted to foster the Boulangist cult comes from all quarters, and now even the newspaper hawkers relate how they were hired to get up demonstrations. According to the last edition of the "Coulisses," also, the General, whilst M. Grévy's resignation was still pending, suggested that in the event of a revolution the troops should be confined to barracks, and the people left to choose their own ruler. M. Mermeix relates that neither M. Floquet nor M. Freycinet would form a Ministry, each expecting to be elected President, and as MM. Clémenceau and Andrieux were equally reluctant, M. Grévy found himself completely boycotted. By the way, M. Mermeix is so ill from typhoid fever that his numerous duels are delayed, but other champions delives out on the field of honour to receive a few scratches. daily go out on the field of honour to receive a few scratches. French enthusiasm is likely to be spent on fighting of a more serious character if the proposed Dahomey Expedition is carried out this winter. The idea is distinctly unpopular, and is simply fanned for commercial purposes; while nothing can be decided till Parliament meets on the 20th inst. Now the Government are perplexed by the lock-out of the Calais lace-workers, whose wages have been so reduced through the depression of the trade that the workpeople struck in despair. Originally the industry came from Nottingham, and many of the firms are English. The Newfoundland Fisheries question has again revived, and it is stated that the French authorities wish the Pope to arbitrate in the dispute with England.

The German Emperor's visit to AUSTRIA is not invested with the The German Emperor's visit to AUSTRIA is not invested with the same political significance as Emperor Francis Joseph's recent presence at the Silesian Manœuvres. It is essentially a meeting of private friendship and recreation, so Emperor William declined as much ceremony as possible, though he could not avoid a gorgeous reception in Vienna on Wednesday. The King of Saxony joined the guests with most of the Imperial family, and after spending the night at Schönbrunn the Imperial party left for Mürzteg, in Styria, where they will remain until Wednesday, hunting deer and chamois. During his brief stay in Vienna, Emperor William visited the tomb of Prince Rudolph, and laid a wreath on his former comthe tomb of Prince Rudolph, and laid a wreath on his former companion's grave. Amongst home items in GERMANY, the Socialists on Wednesday held great rejoicings in honour of the expiration of the Anti-Socialist Law, assembling in force at Halle to decide on the reorganisation of the party. The law has repressed free public speech and meeting for twelve years, and the Socialists ascribe its repeal to the fall of their enemy, Prince Bismarck. The War-Minister, General Von Verdy, will resign shortly, as he differs from the Emperor respecting Army reform.

German interest in East Africa is kept well alive by Major Wissmann and Dr. Peters, who are still being feted, and relating their experiences. It seems doubtful whether Major Wissmann will return to Bagamoyo yet awhile, for now that the natives have been subdued, the civil organisation of the colony must be considered, and Baron Soden, the Governor of the Cameroons, is going out to prepare a scheme of administration. Major Wissmann would not accept a secondary place, so probably his services may be utilised otherwise. The Teutonic Press have made much stir over the murder in Vituland of Herr Künzel and seven compatriots, when endeavouring to cut down the forests which protect the natives from attack. As Künzel was very hot-tempered he probably began the quarrel, but nevertheless, the Germans assert that England ought to procure redress as she protects Vitu. Meanwhile, the English negotiations with ITALY respecting her frontier in the Red Sea district continue at Naples. The Italians claim free navigation of the Juba, the cession of the Somali district from the sea to Abdara, and a traderoute to connect this region with the Nile Valley.—The Angloroute to connect this region with the Nile Valley.—The Anglo-Portuguese African Convention remains at a standstill while Senhor Ferrao Martens is forming his Ministry. Demonstrations against the Convention continue, notably at Coimbra, and it is expected that the new Government will ask England to revise the Treaty entirely. The Government are also in trouble with the millers, entirely. The Government are also in trouble with the millers, who have struck owing to the prohibition to import foreign corn.

The Armenian agitation continues the chief feature of EASTERN AFFAIRS, and the rumours of Russian interference grow more per-Indeed, it is asserted that 72,000 Muscovite troops are massed along the Russo-Turkish frontier, so that the Turks are enlisting Kurdish aid to repel the expected attack, while the Christians fly from Erzeroum in terror of a massacre. Many also Christians fly from Erzeroum in terror of a massacre. cross into Russian territory for protection. Possibly this scare may be due to Russia increasing her frontier-guards, ostensibly to check smuggling; but, even allowing for much exaggeration of Kurdish oppression and Armenian sufferings, there can be no doubt that the province is in a miserable condition. Lengthy discussions and negotiations at Constantinople do not improve matters, and every number of the Armonian Basic and Constantinople of the Constantinople member of the Armenian Patriarchate has left office. is most anxious to settle the Greek and Armenian Church Question is most anxious to settle the Greek and Armenian Church Question before the Czarewitch's visit, as otherwise there will be no head of either Church to receive the Imperial guest. While Turkey is thus beset by perplexities, her neighbour SERVIA exults in a grand Government victory at the elections, which have given the Radicals another three years' lease of power. The once-dreaded Progressists only obtained two seats, the Liberals, or Russian party, but 18; and the remaining 112 fell to the Radicals who stoutly maintain and the remaining 113 fell to the Radicals, who stoutly maintain the national independence doctrine. The only black cloud in the Radical sky is ex-King Milan, who persists in remaining in the country. A cartridge exploded under his carriage when he was driving with the young King, and though it is explained that the cartridge was left on the ground from a late shooting-contest, other authorities hint at an attempt on Milan's life.

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The long battle over the Tariff Bill in the UNITED STATES ended on Tuesday, when the Senate finally passed the measure. The Bill had been reported to the House of Representatives by the Conference Committee some days earlier, being accepted by a majority of seventy-one, and Mr. M'Kinley made a farewell speech on his production, pointing out its advantages for American trade. Now Congress adjourns, weary of the protracted Session, and leaving the country to pronounce the real verdict on the measure at the Congressional elections of November 4th. The Bill itself comes into force next Monday, but all goods bonded up to October 1st will only pay the old duties if November 4th. The Bill itself comes into force next Monday, but all goods bonded up to October 1st will only pay the old duties if withdrawn before February 1st. The reciprocity provisions are delayed till January, 1892, and the tin ore duty till July, 1893. Commercial circles are already disturbed by this "Chinese wall of tariffs," as it has been aptly called, for such quantities of imports have poured into the States to avoid the new duties that many markets are completely clutted, the merchants being at their markets are completely glutted, the merchants being at their wits' end how to distribute the goods. Experts consider that the Bill will reduce the annual revenue by over thirteen millions sterling, yet many merchants urge that it will have just the contrary effect by stimulating internal trade. Witness the tin-plate industry, which is expected to bring in a handsome return to the Americans themselves, instead of enriching British producers. The Protectionists fairly exult in the outcry raised by foreign countries, notably in Austria, where the closing of the American market ruins the in Austria, where the closing of the American market ruins the Viennese mother-of-pearl trade, to mention but one item. France has been more fortunate respecting her wine and art imports, and GERMANY hopes for some concessions in return for relaxing her restrictions on American pork. This important theme leaves little public interest for other subjects, but nevertheless a hearty welcome has been given to four hundred members of the Iron and Steel Convention now sitting at New York. Chicago laments a great fire at a pork-packing house, and a terrible collision near Zanesville, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, has caused eight deaths.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The prospects of settling the Ticino diffi-culties in SWITZERLAND are not very bright. When the Com-mittee of Conciliation, formed of both parties, was convened, most of the Conservatives stayed away, refusing to discuss the matter, while the Federal Assembly Committee cannot agree on the best course. At present, however, the Federal Council propose to re-instate the former Government after the elections on Sunday, on the Conservatives promising ample constitutional reforms.—The anti-Jewish movement has reawakened in AUSTRIA, thanks to the elections for the Diet, where the Clericals and anti-Semites have a large majority over the Liberals.—Further, the position of the Jews in Russia is to be studied by another fresh Special Commission. At the Czar's request Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, who has done so much for Egyptian irrigation, has started for Merv to advise on similar works on the Murghab.—A revolution has occurred at Manipur, a State in NORTH-EAST INDIA, consisting chiefly of a large valley in the heart of a wild mountainous country. The Maharajah's brother seized the Government, and the Sovereign abdicated, confirming the usurper in power.—In Canada Birchall has been found guilty of the murder of the young Englishman, Mr. Benwell, and will be hanged on November 14th. He stoutly protests his innocence. The trial aroused intense interest, and the public fairly fought for admission. An American mackerel schooner ias been seized for fishing too near Prince Edward Island.—The labour crisis in Australia remains unaltered, masters and men being still opposed.—In SOUTH AFRICA, much satisfaction is felt at the success of the Mashonaland Expedition, and railways and telegraphs are being pushed on in that direction. Mr. Cecil Rhodes enthusiastically praised the Expedition when speaking at Kimberley, and once more outlined his pet scheme of forming all the South African Colonies into one Union which should extend to the Zambesi.



THE Royal party in the Highlands is gradually decreasing. Although the Queen will remain at Balmoral till next month, the Prince and Princess of Wales and family leave Abergeldie at the Prince and Princess of Wales and family leave Abergeidie at the end of the week, while the Duchess of Albany and her children quit Birkhall shortly for Germany to visit the Duchess's father. Meanwhile Her Majesty has entertained Queen Elizabeth of Roumania at Balmoral, together with Sir Edward Malet, who arrived on Saturday. The Queen gave a dinner party in the evening, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Lady Hardinge, Sir Edward Malet, and Rear-Admiral Stephenson were the chief guests. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Sir Edward Malet, and Rear-Admiral Stephenson were the chief guests. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service, when the Rev. A. Campbell officiated, and in the alternoon Her Majesty visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Abergeldie. Sir E. Malet again joined the Royal party at dinner, and left on Monday, when Countess Feodore Gleichen also returned to town. The Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, and the Duchess of Albany lunched with the Queen, and afterwards Madame Albani-Gye sang before the Royal party.

The Prince and Princess of Wales concluded their visit to the Duke arid Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge on Saturday, returning to Abergeldie. During their stay the Prince went out shooting daily with the Duke of Fife, and killed five fine stags in Mar Forest. He was expected in town on Thursday, while to-day (Saturday) he crosses to Calais on his way to Austria, where he will spend several weeks shooting with friends. The Prince and Princess and daughters will visit Lord and Lady Wimborne at Crichel, Dorset, on December 8th.

daughters will visit Lord and Lady Wimborne at Crichel, Dorset, on December 8th.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has rejoined her children at Coburg from a short visit to Munich. The Duke on Monday night dined with the officers of the Plymouth Division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry.—Princess Louise has returned to town after spending a fortnight at Cromer with Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Flower.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been staying with the Duchess's sister, the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Oldenburg. They will not return to England until after the wedding of Princess Victoria of Prussia, which may probably take place earlier than at Victoria of Prussia, which may probably take place earlier than at first announced, about October 21st. The bride-elect, with her mother and sisters, returns to Berlin from Venice in a few days, and the Duke and Duchess of Sparta are coming from Athens to attend the wedding. Afterwards they will visit England.—Another reported Royal engagement is that of the Czarewitch and Princess Marie, second daughter of the King and Queen of the Hellenes, who is not yet fifteen.—The Queen of Roumania has been detained at Llandudno by the illness of one of her suite, General Graciano now better. Her Majesty visited the Ormes Head on Saturday; attended Divine Service in the old church of Llanrhôs on Sunday and next day witnessed a demonstration of two thousand school and next withdraw and children. The children marched past the Queen's windows, and Her Majesty then went to the Pier Pavilion to hear them sing several pieces, while later Queen Elizabeth saw the little ones at tea in the Happy Valley. Her Majesty left Llandudno for Balmoral on Wednesday.—The King of the Netherlands is worse again.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — Although one or two details still remain to be settled, the arrangements are now practically complete for the autumn season of Italian Opera, which will begin, under the direction of Signor Lago, on Saturday week, the 18th inst. The list of the company comprises several well-known names, besides a large number of new comers. Among the sopranos are Miss M'Intyre and Miss Ella Russell, both late of Mr. Harris's troupe; Madame Fanny Moody, the popular young prima donna; late of the Carl Rosa Company; Madame Gambogi, a well-known concert singer; and three déviatntes, to wit, Madame Strömfeld, a light soprano, who although, we believe, a Scandinavian by birth, is Italian by training and reputation; Mdlle. Peri, a dramatic soprano, who was prima donna at the once Imperial Opera House of Rio de Janeiro; and Mdlle. Sofia Ravogli, a young vocalist, who has attained great success in Italy, particularly ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Although one or two details Opera House of Rio de Janeiro; and Mdlle. Sona Kavogu, a young vocalist, who has attained great success in Italy, particularly in Gluck's Orfo. Among the contractos are her sister Mdlle. Julia Ravogli, who will also take part in the projected revival of Orfo; Mdlle. Costanzi, an Italian mezzo-soprano; and the English vocalist, Miss Grace Damian. The list of tenors will doubtless be added to. At present it includes Signori Perotti, Giannini, and Zoane. The last is a Spaniard, and the others have already appeared in London, although Signor Perotti has not sung here since he created the although Signor Perotti has not sung here since he created the part of Eric at the first performance of Wagner's Flying Dutchman at Drury Lane during Mr. George Wood's season of 1870. Signor part of Eric at the first performance of Wagner's Flying Dutchman at Drury Lane during Mr. George Wood's season of 1870. Signor Perotti's name has been Italianised, for he is by birth, and partly by training, a German, although shortly after his debât here, twenty years since, he seriously studied singing under Lamperti at Milan. Among the baritones and basses are MM. Maurel, Galassi, Padilla, Meroles, Fiegna, and Ciampi. The conductors will be Signor Bevignani and Signor Arditi. It is not intended to produce any actual novelties, but besides Gluck's Orfeo, which has not been heard in London for thirty years, a new version of Cimarosa's Matrimonio Segreto (with recitatives specially written by Signor Bevignani) and Ponchielli's La Gioconda will be revived. The general repertory will include Lohengrin and Tannhäuser, Mefistofele, Roberto, (which has not been heard in London for several seasons), L'Étoile du Nord, Huguenois, Un Ballo, Faust, Aida, and Rigoletto, the last for the purpose of introducing M. Maurel in the rôle of the fester. It is now hardly likely that Verdi's Otelle will be given, as the rights in this work are, for the rest of the year, held by M. Mayer, of the French plays. The season, nevertheless, promises to be a successful one, for the company is strong, and the repertory interesting; while, as the prices will range from 10s. 6d. for the stalls to 1s. 6d. for the gallery, opera is thus placed within the reach of almost every class.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The Handel Triennial Festival will, in

-The Handel Triennial Festival will, in HANDEL FESTIVAL. the ordinary course, be held at the Crystal Palacenest summer, and the dates now fixed are as follows. The full public rehearsal will take place on Friday, June 19, the Messiah will be given on June 22, the "Selection," June 24, and Israel in Egypt June 26. For the "Selection," Mr. August Manns (who will conduct) is arranging a highly interesting programme. Among the chief artists will probably be Mesdames Albani, Nordica, and Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd, Mills, and Santley.

Lloyd, Mills, and Santley.

PRO MENADE CONCERTS. — The Promenade Concert season will close this week. No special classical programmes have of late been given, but included in the general schemes have been Haydn's "Clock" Symphony and similar works. A new "Pastoral," by Mr. Buffen, a clever amateur, has also been produced. The "Pastoral," which is an agreeable work, showing considerable fancy and marked ability, is intended as the first movement of an orchestral suite, illustrating Thomson's "Seasons" During the present week Mr. Sims Reeves was announced to sing no fewer than three times, that is to say, on Monday, Wednesday, and again on Saturday, when he will make his final appearance at these entertainments. A programme of humorous pieces was announced on Tbursday, and a selection of American music on Friday of this week.

RETIREMENT OF MADAME MARIE RÔZE. — Madame Marie

RETIREMENT OF MADAME MARIE RÔZE. Madame Marie RETIREMENT OF MADAME MARIE ROZE.—Madame Marie Rôze on Monday last started on her provincial concert tour, which will extend from now until nearly Christmas. Early in February she will head a troupe directed by the Carl Rosa Company to give special performances of Carmen and a few other operas throughout the kingdom. We understand that Madame Marie Rôze propose the beat farewell of the English provinces. During next the kingdom. We understand that Madame Marie Roze proposes this tour to be her farewell of the English provinces. During next year she likewise intends to make her final appearance before the London public, and afterwards to live in retirement in her native Paris. Madame Rôze, who studied at the French Conservatoire under Wartel, made her first appearance in England in 1872 in Gounod's Faust. Since then she has been extremely popular as an opera and concert vocalist in this country, and has likewise gained high celebrity in the United States.

NOTES AND NEWS ——Sir Charles and Lady Hallé will make

NOTES AND NEWS .- Sir Charles and Lady Hallé will make their London réntree at the first Monday Popular Concert, on the 20th inst.—The production of La Cigale is now officially fixed for October 9th at the Lyric Theatre. We have already given a brief October 9th at the Lyric Theatre. We have already given a brief description of the plot.—Among the works to be performed by the Highbury Philharmonic Society this winter are Cowen's St. Yohn's Eve and Goring Thomas's Sun Worshippers.—The Briston Choral Society will this winter revive Graun's Der Tod Jesu, and will also give Cowen's St. John's Eve, Gounod's Gallia, and Macfarren's Lady of the Lake.—The Finsbury Choral Society, besides Professor Bridge's Repentance of Nineveh, will revive Handel's Acis and Galatea, with additional accompaniments from the pen of Mr. E. H. Turpin.—The indisposition of the famous conductor Faccio, who was recently stricken with aberration of the brain, has become so serious that he has been removed to a maison de santé.—The death is announced of M. Auguste Sauret, once a well-known pianist, and is announced of M. Auguste Sauret, once a well-known pianist, and brother of the violinist Emile Sauret. The deceased was born in 1849, and studied at the Paris Conservatoire, but for the past twenty years he has lived in the United States. Two years ago his brain became affected, and he died in an asylum.—The Triennial Festival of North Staffordshire Choirs began at the Victoria Hall on Wednesday. We shall refer to the performances next week.

WILLIAM TELL is to be commemorated by a fresh monument at Altdorf, the little village beyond Fluelen, on Lake Lucerne, where, according to tradition, he shot the apple from his son's head. A colossal bronze statue will be erected in front of the town hall, representing Tell in a bold attitude, with his crossbow ready for the shot. Scenes from the hero's life are to be represented on the pedestal, made of Uri stone.

LONDON MORTALITY increased slightly last week. The deaths LONDON MORTALITY increased slightly last week. The deaths numbered 1,458 against 1,375 during the previous seven days, being an advance of 83, and 36 above the average. The death-rate rose to 17.2 per 1,000 after having declined steadily during the preceding month. Fatalities from diphtheria were unusually numerous. There were 2,458 births registered, being a rise of 103, although 254 under the ordinary return.



"THE BRIGHT SPOT IN AGRICULTURE," writes a correspondent, is the good price at which live-stock sells. At Findon Fair, a very old-established one for Southdown sheep, draft ewes made up to 60s. old-established one for Southdown sneep, draft ewes made up to 6os. and upwards per head, and lambs to 4os. and upwards, and it is reported that everything sent to the Fair was sold." These prices, considering that the Southdowns are a comparatively small breed of considering that the Southdowns are a comparatively small breed of sheep, must be called good. Fat stock, particularly beef, is rather a dragging trade, and prices do not seem inclined to rally at present. Lean meat, however, sells at a fair price.

ANOTHER BRIGHT SPOT, which our correspondent omits to be grateful for, is assuredly the weather since the end of August. Surely there never was a September more entirely to the satisfaction

Surely there never was a September more entirely to the satisfaction of the farmer. Even the brief rainy interval of the 17th, 18th, and 19th was as if sent "to order," for it revived the pastures and improved the state of the land for ploughing, besides preventing the springs and streams from getting unduly low. The weather has caused the new corn to be threshed in good condition, and has enabled millers to do with a minimum of hard tropical grain for mixing with the fresh English samples. For barlevminimum of nard tropical grain for mixing with the fresh English samples. For barley-growers the fine weather of September has often made the vast difference which there is bemade the vast difference which there is between malting and grinding prices for their grain, while the cultivators of oats in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland have reaped much finer crops than would have been the case but for the ripening sunshine of the first fortnight of the month. the month.

THE NEW CROP DELIVERIES are already THE NEW CROP DELIVENES are already proving heavy, and for the month of September just completed included 346,698 qrs. of English wheat, 115,902 qrs. of barley, and 46,716 qrs. of oats, against 245,222 qrs. of wheat, 102,043 qrs. of barley, and 27,200 qrs. of oats in September, 1880, and 120 qrs. of wheat of or the september, 1880, and 120 qrs. of wheat of or the september. 1889, and 120,970 qrs. of wheat, 9,507 qrs. of barley, and 10,354 qrs. of oats in September, 1888. The price of wheat is now 31s. 6d., or 4d. below the septennial average, while that of barley is 29s. 9d., or 5d. below the mean. Oats at 17s. 8d. are exactly an average quotation. A year ago wheat was making 29s. 1d., barley 29s., and oats 16s. 11d. per qr., so that farmers are now selling more grain and also making more money per qr. for it than they were a twelvemonth since. The agricultural prospect is no longer all, or even perhaps mainly, one of

Hops were spoken of in August, in a circular published by a well-known firm in the Borough, as a very poor yield. Kent and Sussex, however, are now regarded as having considerably surpassed the yield promised at the end of July, though some gardens suffered badly from blight and mould. In Worcestershire the plantations suffered from the unsettled summer, but the fine four weeks from the 1st to the 27th of

September considerably improved the best a great deal of condition into the samples. ground, and put There will be for this autumn's trade a scarcity of the very finest hops, but there will also be a fair supply of good medium samples, such as, at fair prices, are likely to find a good and prompt sale. Mr. Charles Whitehead, a very good judge of this crop, thinks 1890 will be a repetition of 1882, when 220,000 cwt. were grown.

R. A. S. E.—The Royal Society's Junior Examinations have been fixed for 11th and 12th November next, when ten scholarships of 20% each will be competed for. The subjects of examination will comprise the principles of agriculture, the rotation of crops, the nutrition of plants and animals, the mechanical cultivation of the soil, chemistry as applied to agriculture, mechanics as applied to agriculture, and land surveying. This, as a farmer's son once remarked to us, seems "a lot to know for twenty pounds," and the competitions have sometimes evoked the feeblest of contests. The examinations will be held at 12, Hanover Square, and entries must be sent in before the 15th inst.

RECENT SHOWS .--It was a pleasure to find as remote a place as Kendal holding a really successful and interesting Show. Favoured by fine weather, there was a big gathering to look over the stock, the strong point of which was undoubtedly the Shorthorns. It was especially promising to notice that the yearlings were exceptionally good; the dairy cattle were excellent. Of the sheep the Longwool and the Wensleydale breeds were most strongly represented. The agricultural horses, although a small, were a very good, show. The Ulverston Exhibition was remarkvery good, show. The Ulverston Exhibition was remarkable for a nice collection of heavy horses, and for some good shorthorns and sheep. The Teesdale Show at Lunefield secured the remarkable number of 1,453 entries. Mr. C. W. Brierley, of Rosedale, Tenbury, took a very large number of the prizes at this Show. The Bowes Show was strong in Leicester sheep and shorthorn cattle, the Easingwold Show in horses, and the Bourne Show in Shire colt foals. Shire colt foals,

ORANGES AND APPLES.—The former fruit has become so cheap and plentiful that it might have been thought useless to try to imitate it in apples, yet the imitation in question is being largely carried out, the sour Kent apple Orange Goff being a principal ingredient of a good deal of the best Dundee marmalade." dient" of a good deal of the best Dundee "marmalade."
Its juice produces a clear jelly, with a bitterness and flavour closely resembling the Andalusian fruit. Apples grow upon poor soils that will not awaith a part of the Andalusian fruit. poor soils that will not nourish much else, and the cry for the extension of our orchards seems to have more wisdom in it than the majority of agricultural cries. It does not

In it than the majority of agricultural cries. It does not profess to be a panacea, but, as an alternative and a means of making something of poor land, it deserves attention. The consumption of cyder might be judiciously stimulated. It is not disliked by the publicans, and the teetotal interest, if persuaded for once to be temperate, might allow of the extremely mild "intoxicant" pending the discovery, of a drink free from alcohol, gas, and astringents, and at the same time palatable. palatable.

NITRATES are good manure, as we all know, but Sir John Lawes tells us that they are often even better manure for weeds than for crops. Weeds seize on the nitrates in the soil with surprising avidity, and where a dressing of nitrates has been applied to a backward crop, it has often happened that weeds, previously still more backward than the crop, have, under this stimulus, literally "sprung up and choked it." Sir John Lawes has another caution to give. Bulky manures, he says, have great advantages over artificial manures, as they render the land porous and also retentive of moisture. But Mr. Evershed, another very good judge, still recommends a liberal application of nitrate of soda to wheat.

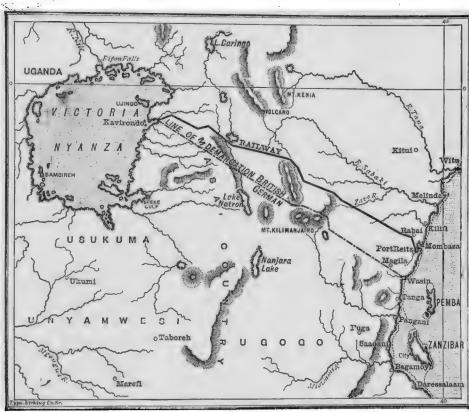
# THE BRITISH EAST AFRICAN COMPANY'S RAILWAY

THE first sod of the Imperial British East African Company's Railway in East Africa was turned on Tuesday, August 26th, 1890, at Point Hchanganwe, in Port Reitz, by Mrs. Euan-Smith, wife of the British Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar.

This railway is to go to Kavirondo on the Victoria Nyanza, an lwill, when completed, be the great trade route to Central Africa. It is to be 600 miles in length, and will cost 1,000/. per mile, making a total of 600.000/.

a total of 600,000%.

a total of 600,000. Port Reitz (Mombasa) is the best natural harbour on this part of the coast, and is capable of holding a large quantity of shipping, it being entirely land-locked. When the railway is fairly in progress a large wharf will be built in Port Reitz, allowing steamers of 26 ft. draught to come alongside to unload. The day was unfortunately marred by rain, but towards noon it cleared up sufficiently to allow the ceremony to be proceeded with.



MAP SHOWING THE PROPOSED ROUTS CT THE BRITISH EAST AFRICAN COMPANY'S RAILWAY

Mrs. Euan-Smith turned the first sod in the presence of the uncle of the Sultan of Zanzibar, the representatives of Foreign Powers in Zanzibar, and a large number of British and German naval officers, as well as an immense crowd of natives who cheered lustily. as well as an immense crowd of natives who cheered listing. After the ceremony a lunch was partaken of in a bungalow beautifully decorated for the occasion, at which Sir Francis de Winton, Colonel Euan-Smith, and Captain Mackay, R.E., made most effective speeches, enlarging on the vast impulse that would be given to trade on the completion of the railway. A congratulatory telegram arrived opportunely from Seyid Ali, the Sultan—Our illustrations are from sketches by C. R. Acklom, Zanzibar.

A PRESENT TO THE QUEEN

THE Sultan of Sokoto has lately conferred on the Royal Niger
Company perpetual powers of jurisdiction over the whole of his
empire, which occupies about 250,000 square miles of one of the
most fertile and populous regions of Central Africa. The steamer
Mandingo, which arrived at Liverpool last month, brought with it a



LION CUB PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY THE SULTAN OF SOKOTO

lion cub which the Sultan has requested the Company to present to lion cub which the Sultan has requested the Company to present to Her Majesty the Queen on his behalf. The cub was allowed much liberty on board, and was greatly petted by both passengers and crew. Mr. Bartlett went down to Liverpool to bring it to the Zoological Gardens, where it is now safely lodged —Our illustration is from a drawing by F. T. Smith, 11, South Hill Park Gardens, Hampetgard N W Hampstead, N.W.

IIELIGOLAND is to be united to the German Empire as a part of Schleswig-Holstein. A Bill settling the Government of the island will be one of the first measures presented to the Reichstag during the coming Session.



"MIRTH, admit me of thy crew," has ceased to be the motto of Mr. Alexander, at the AVENUE Theatre, where the bright and merry Dr. Bill has given way to the painful and oppressive Struggle for Life, a version by Messrs. Buchanan and Horner of M. Daudet's Lutte pour la Vie. After the fashion of "adaptors" these gentlemen have added a note to their playbill, wherein it is delicately hinted that what pleasure audiences may derive from the English version is to be placed to their account, since they have not slavishly is to be placed to their account, since they have not slavishly "translated," but have altered and improved upon the original. As a fact the alterations are not very important, and the story, in which M. Daudet imagines himself to have exposed the evil

in which M. Daudet imagines himself to have exposed the evil
effects of excessive indulgence in Darwinian theories about the
survival of the fittest, becomes even duller and more absurd in the
"adaptation" than in the French play. Mr. Alexander's impersonation of the frankly selfish and vicious hero
is, no doubt, a very clever piece of acting, and
Miss Geneviève Ward's performance in the
part of his long-suffering wife, Madame Astier,
Duchess de Padovani, is powerful enough to
contrast more than favourably with Madame
Pasce's much praised impersonation; but these Pasca's much-praised impersonation; but these merits are not sufficient to recompense an audience doomed to witness for two hours and audience doomed to witness for two nours and a-half the sombre unrealities of this strained and unnatural production. Our native English drama, though reviving, may not be at a very high level; but it is certainly capable of furnishing better work than this latest importation from the Parisian stage.

Mr. Hare who has been enjoying a helicary

Mr. Hare, who has been enjoying a holiday, has rejoined his company at the GARRICK, and once more the part of Benjamin Goldfinch, in A Pair of Speciacles, is filled by its original representative. The charm of this genial and humorous creation has suffered no diminution, though the two hundredth representation has been passed, and there seems no reason why Mr. Grundy's adaptation should not go on for two hundred nights more. Mr. Edward Terry has also returned to town, and he too has has also returned to town, and he, too, has quietly taken up his position at his theatre in the same character in which he took leave of his patrons here just eight months ago. Mr. Pinero's quaint little domestic drama Sweet Pinero's quaint 'little domestic drama Sweet Lavender,' however, necessarily shows more signs of wear; for it has now held the stage for some two years. Several changes in the cast have taken place; but Mr. Terry, we need hardly say, still plays the part of 'Dick Phenyl, the good-natured, impecunious, tippling barrister, with his old force and humour.

The live magazy which figures so con-

The live macaw which figures so conspicuously in the new melodramatic opera of The Black Rover, at the GLOBE, is fast becoming a public personage. He spends his nights on the stage with evident enjoyment of his duties, while his days are spent in the vestibules, where the chink of coin deposited by those who are booking seats hard by is welcomed with sagacious cawings and winks of much profundity.

Great improvements have been effected in the GLOBE since Mr.

Great improvements have been effected in the GLOBE since Mr. George Paget took possession of the house. Structural changes have been effected under the direction of Mr. Phipps, the well-known architect, which conduce greatly to the convenience and, what is more important still, to the safety of audiences.

The Rose and the Ring, by Mr. Savile Clarke, which is to be brought out as an afternoon entertainment in the Christmas holidays at the Lyric Theatre, is an adaptation of Thackeray's Christmas book of that name, made with the sanction of the great novelist's daughter, Mrs. Ritchie. Like Alice in Wonderland, it will be played chiefly by children.

This evening the GAIETY Theatre will re-open with a new This evening the GAIETY I heatre will re-open with a new burlesque entitled Carmen Up to Date, and on Monday Mr. Beerbohm Tree will reappear at the HAYMARKET in A Village Priest. On the same night Miss Harriett Jay will commence a season at the ROYALTY with Sweet Nancy, in which Miss Annie Hughes will sustain her original character; while a revival of Still Waters Run Deep will, at the CRITERION, take the place of Truth. Mrs. Bernard Beere, now happily recovered from her long and serious illness will once more

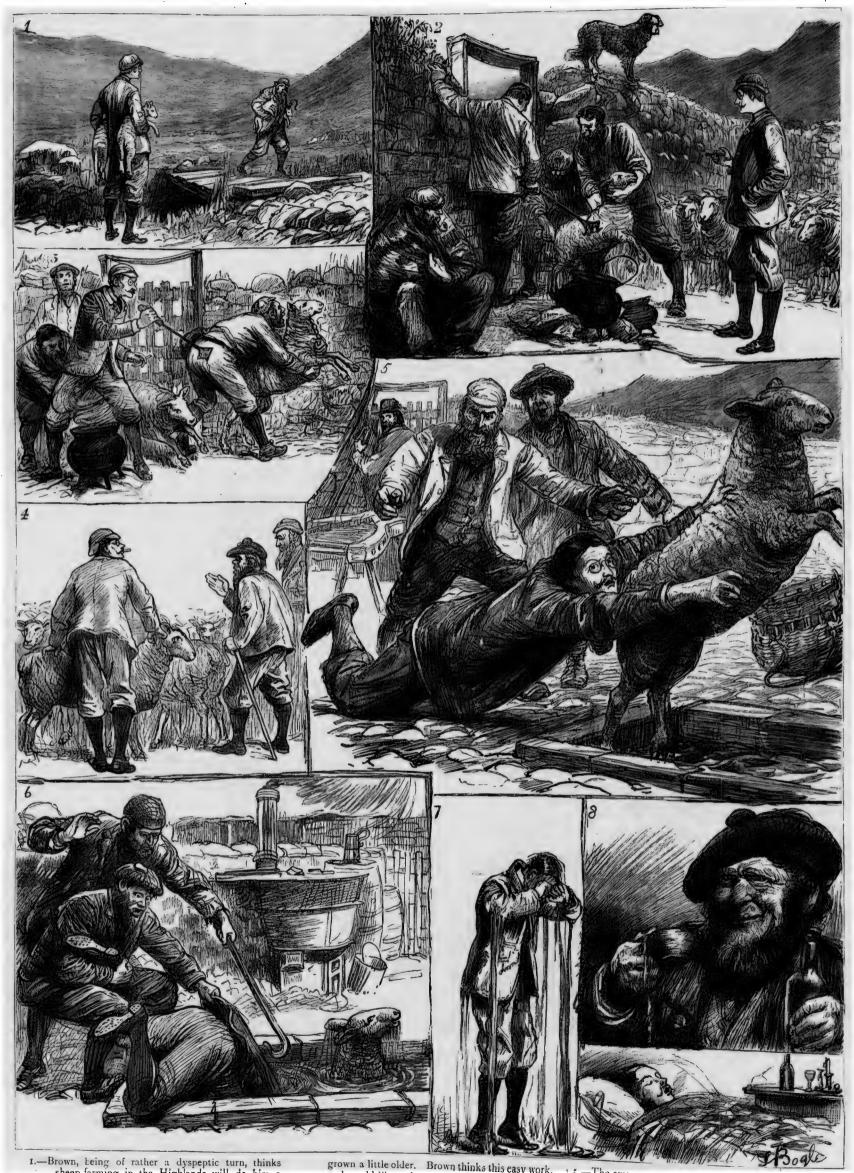
covered from her long and serious illness, will once more appear in this comedy. The re-opening of the Shaftesbury, under Miss Wallis's management, is fixed for Wednesday next, when Mr. Robert Buchanan's new play, entitled *The Sixth Commandment*, will be played for the

Mr. Alexander has in hand, for production at the AVENUE Theatre, a new drama written by Mr. Haddon Chambers, and entitled *The Idler*.

THE FLOODS IN SOUTHERN FRANCE last week completely ruined the various industries of a vast district, apart from the loss of life. Factories, mills, and prosperous farms have been swept away, the grape and olive crops destroyed, live stock drowned by thousands, and the fertile soil washed into the beds of the rivers, leaving rocks and fallen trees to encumber the ground on profitable fields and pastures. In the Department of Ardèche alone the loss is estimated at over 600,000l. Rich agriculturists find their land a waste, with buildings, cattle, and crops entirely gone, the manufacturer has no work to employ his former hands, and the peasant sees his home and savings en-gulfed by the flood. Bridges, railway, and telegraphic communication have suffered alike, and if the troops and the gendarmes had not worked day and night to rescue the

people, and strengthen embankments, the destruction would have been worse still. Now that the rivers are subsiding, the inundated district looks most miserable, with its heaps of ruins and the corpses of human beings and cattle disclosed by the falling waters. At one place an omnibus was found entangled in a huge tree, in another group of trees hung fifty drowned sheep, while the body of a wealthy farmer was suspended to a windmill. The Government have voted 12,000% to relieve immediate distress, and the Minister of Public Works, M. Yves Guyot, is visiting the scenes of the worst disasters.

MAJOR WISSMANN'S NARRATIVE OF HIS LATE AFRICAN TRAVELS comes out next month, Captain Casati also publishes the first volume of his travels about the same time, Mrs. Stanley having promised to add several illustrations to his work.

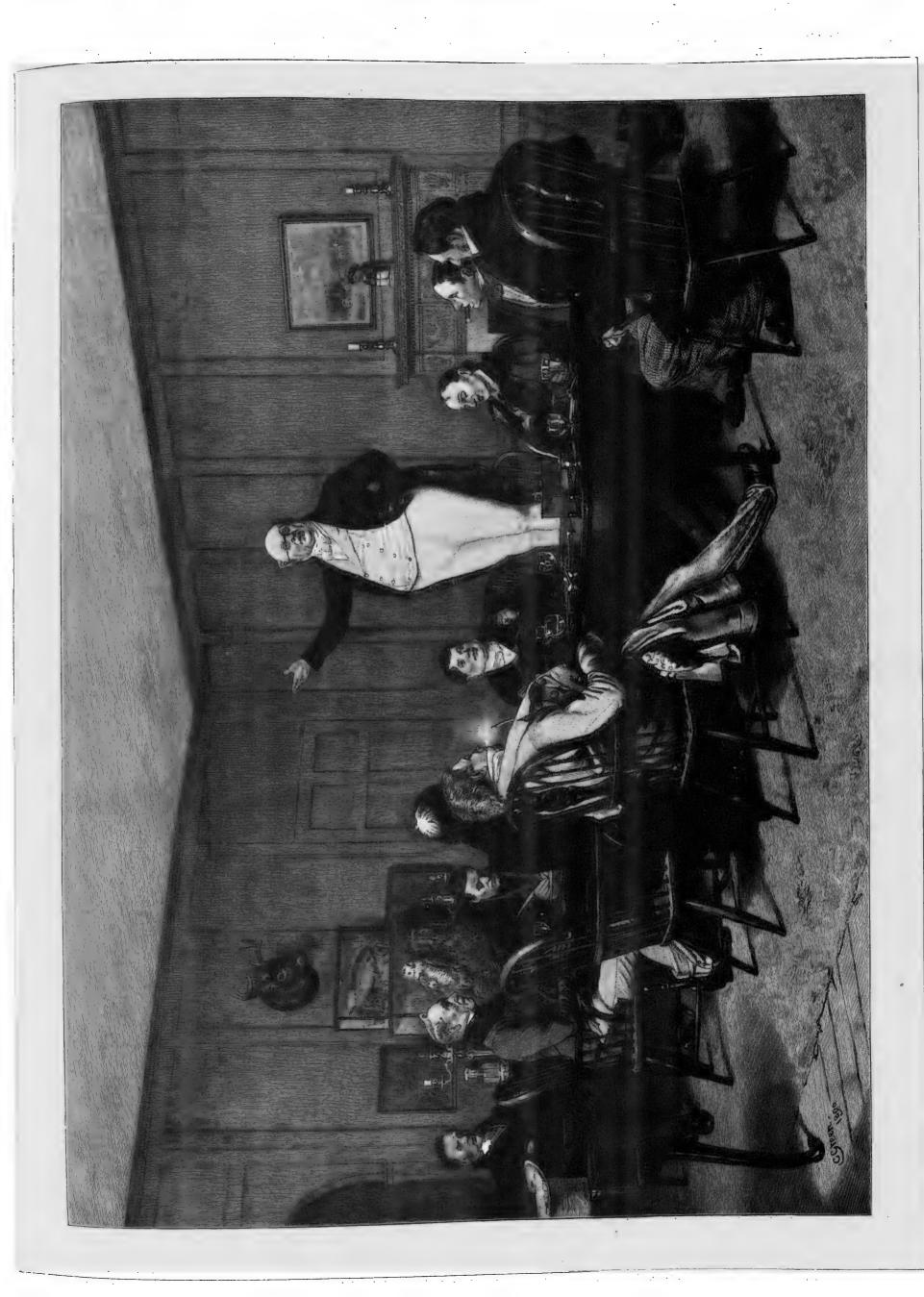


I.—Brown, being of rather a dyspeptic turn, thinks sheep-farming in the Highlands will do him a world of good. "During lambing time" he finds the work a little trying, however

2.- "Buisting," or marking the lambs, when they have

grown a little older. Brown thinks this easy work, and would like to have a try at it
3.—Being short-sighted, however, he makes a slight mistake
4.—Notwithstanding grave warnings from an experienced shepherd, he determines to "Dip a ewe"

5.—The ewe proves remarkably powerful
6.—The dipping is very successful
7.—"Oh! How my eyes smart!"
8.—"A wee drap o' this won't be for doin' you any
harrm, sir!
9.—Balmy sleep



1. 1. . . .

# Ayasaland and Its Peoples

WHEN and if we are to take over the administration of Nyasawhen and it we are to take over the administration of Nyasaland, we should choose black, yellow, and white for the distinctive colours of its flag—black for the negroes, yellow for the Arabs, and white for the European settlers, who form the three main types of the inhabitants of South-Central Africa.

In this district, which is bounded by Lake Nyasa on the east, Lakes Tangapulka and Magra and the boundaries of the Congo.

Lakes Tanganyika and Moero and the boundaries of the Congo Free State on the north, and the course of the Zambesi on the west and south, the population is of very unequal extent; that is to say, it contains large areas which, from various causes, are utterly un-inhabited, while some districts support a dense population. It may be said, as a rule, that the native inhabitants chiefly flock to the shores of the lakes and the banks of the rivers.

The white settlers mainly consist of missionaries, traders, and planters, and the greater part of these hail from the northern side of the Tweed. At present they scarcely exceed a hundred in number. The bulk of them are settled on the Shire Highlands, on. number. The bulk of them are settled on the Shire Highlands, on, the shores of Nyasa and Tanganyika, in the country of Garenganze, and at one or two spots on the Upper Zambesi. They are a very good average type of Briton, and I do not think the rowdy element is represented at all. It is to be hoped that in the development of these rich countries we shall be enabled to exercise a certain control over the inrush of white settlers, so that, the natives may have been appearanced with a good honest moral sober, law-

control over the inrush of white settlers, so that the natives may only become acquainted with a good, honest, moral, sober, lawabiding type of white man. In this way we shall be spared an infinity of tragedies, disappointments, and native wars.

In order that my readers may obtain a fair conception of the mode of life of the average Briton in Nyasaland, I will briefly describe the households and surroundings of a few selected types.

Let me introduce you to the Rev. David and Mrs. Scott of the Church of Scotland Mission at Blantyre, in the Shire Highlands. You, my reader, walking hand in hand with me in imagination, are led up a mile-long avenue of tall trees—with a clean and well-kept road between—then through a most European-looking settlement of farm-houses, school-houses, workshops, and slate-roofed stores, to the Manse, a charming thatched-roofed farmhouse, as it appears, but it has wide verandahs, which are not altogether British in outward seeming, and long French windows with glistening plate glass. All but it has wide verandahs, which are not altogether British in outward seeming, and long French windows with glistening plate glass. All around the house you may see geraniums, roses, and dahlias, and other English garden flowers, besides tall shrubs and aloes and drac nas, and vivid flowering creepers indigenous to the country. Entering the house, a black servant shows you into the drawing-room, a most prettily decorated apartment, well furnished, though much of the furniture is locally made, with pictures, piano, harmonium, a hundred little tasteful knicknacks, and flowers everywhere, in pots and vases. On the tables are new books and magazines.

where, in pots and vases. On the tables are new books and magazines.

After your journey hither, too, through the tropical lowlands of the Zambesi and the Shire, and over the hot, hot road that winds up from the river to the highlands of Blantyre, you will be struck by the sight of a regular English fireplace in the Scotts' drawing room; and, if your visit is protracted into the evening, you will see a cheerful fire of logs crackling and blazing on the broad stone hearth; for at almost all times of the year the nights at Blantyre are chilly, and even if they were not, there is something peculiarly charming to British folk in the sight of a wood fire. It gives an eye, a bright focus to the room. I am sure, under the circumstances, as a distinguished stranger, Mr. and Mrs. Scott will have invited you to dinner, and you must not fail to be impressed by the fact that in the heart of Africa you are dining in a most orthodox dining-room, severely correct and tasteful in its furniture, and that you are seated at a pretty table, bright with flower-decorations and silver, on which is served a meal as dainty and well-cooked as you could get in a well-ordered Rectory at home. As you may see by the menu cards, nearly all the dishes are compounded of the products supplied by the surrounding country, and are not much the menu cards, nearly all the disnes are compounded of the products supplied by the surrounding country, and are not much dependent on the insipid timed food sent out from England.

Everybody, too, is so nicely dressed and happy-looking, cheery, and well-informed, probably much better read in review-articles and

and well-informed, probably much better read in review-articles and new books than you are that after your fragrant cup of coffee in the drawing-room—made from coffee and sweetened with sugar which are grown within a mile or two of the Manse—you will go forth into the fragrant, violet, African night, on your return to your lodging, preceded by a Mission boy carrying a lantern, quite disposed to speak in almost gushing terms of the bright, well-appointed homes which the Scottish Missionaries have made for the melves in Nyasaland — which they have made too. almost themselves in Nyasaland — which they have made, too, almost with their own hands. They have certainly been their own architects—indeed, close to the Manse at Blantyre you may see a handsome brick church of ambitious design, which is being built by natives, under Mr. Scott's directions, and from his plans, and they have the confect and refinement of their own dwellings to entirely owe the comfort and refinement of their own dwellings to

their own devising.

The African Lakes Company's establishment at Mandala, near Blantyre, also consists of comfortable, well-appointed dwellings; but I am not going to let you linger here: I am going to carry you away over many leagues of land and water to a little island called Likoma, off the eastern coast of Nyasa, about halfway up the Lake. This is the headquarters of the Universities' Mission. The whole Likoma, on the eastern coast of Nyasa, about natival up the Lake. This is the headquarters of the Universities' Mission. The whole of the east coast of Lake Nyasa is, by an agreement with the other Missions, set apart as the sphere within which the Universities Mission carries on its work, just as the west coast is given over to the Free Church, and the south coast and Shire Valley to the Church of Scotland.

The island of Likoma, on which the Universities' Mission has chosen to fix its chief establishment, has certainly the one great advantage of possessing an excellent port, sheltered in all weathers, which is a feature by no means too common along the coast of Lake Nyasa, where the good and safe harbours can be numbered on one's fingers; for Nyasa is, as Livingstone aptly described it, " the lake of storms"

of storms. is led on this account to cherish all those places where a ship may lie safely at anchor; but except for its good port, and the fact that it is an island, which always affords a certain degree of security to settlers in a savage land, I confess I cannot regard Likoma as a very attractive spot. The island, which is about three miles long and one mile broad, is a mass of sharp, cruel rocks in its upper portions, which become broken up into a coarse shingle near the shore, and altogether I can hardly imagine a soil more near the shore, and altogether I can hardly imagine a soil more destructive to the soles of one's boots. Walking is consequently not a source of pleasure at Likoma, especially as the heat and glare reflected from the rocks add to one's discomfort. The island is almost devoid, of water, and, except during the height of the rainy season, the vegetation is a dull grey-green. Large candelabra euphorbias grow everywhere among the rocks, and add to the rather weird aspect of the island.

Down by the Lake shore, however, there are a few trees offering a little green foliage and shade, and these are hung with the Strophanthus creeper, the pods of which produce a remarkable drug, which at one time seemed likely to become an important addition to our pharmacopœia, and a valuable item in the commerce of Nyasa-land, but which, for some reason or other, has lately fallen off in demand. From the rocky summits of Likoma there are some rather fine views of a somewhat Italian character. The island with

its grey stones, its glaucous-green euphorbias (which present a far-off resemblance to the stone-pines of Southern Europe), and its fringing shore of yellow sand, is set in waters of an intense and loyely througher blue, and carried the street for the great purple lovely turquoise-blue, and across the strait are the great purple

lovely turquoise-blue, and across the strait are the great purple mountains with their green patches of forest, which skirt the east coast of Lake Nyasa, and mark the edge of the Rovuma plateau. There are a few fisher-folk living on the island, who, like the inhabitants of the mainland opposite, belong to the Anyanja race.

At Likoma it may be said that the Universities' Mission Settlement displays "plain living and high thinking." Their houses are mainly built of reeds, with thatched roofs, and are, indeed, little more than superior native huts, with floors of beaten earth covered with grass mats. All their installations would seem to be of a with grass mats. All their installations would seem to be of a with grass mats. All their installations would seem to be of a temporary character, as though the members of the mission were too keenly interested and deeply occupied in their special work of teaching and preaching to give much thought to their own comfort or convenience. Life here, too, is much more in common than among the Scotch Missions, where each family somewhat jealously clings to its own home; to the privileges of its own indep indent life. On Likoma, however, although each member of the Mission has his or her little reed house (divided by screens, perhaps, into several apartments), they all meet together to eat in common in a large dining-hall, which is a more solid and elaborate structure, than the other dwellings, except perhaps, the church. Here, although the meals are distinctly plain, and superior to the embellishments of flowers and fairy lamps, they are good and wholesome, lishments of flowers and fairy lamps, they are good and wholesome, and eaten amid much bright conversation and contentment of

The church is a very ramshackle building from the outside, as it Ine church is a very ramshackle building from the outside, as it is of yellow-grey, untidy-looking thatch and interlaced reeds, without much approach to a design; you are therefore all the more surprised, on entering, to find what a thorough-going church it is, and how tastefully decorated. The services, which are conducted pretty much the same on week-days as on Sundays, are what—if the distinction is still observed—would be called "High!"—that is to say; there is a surpliced chair, and the present are intended. The say, there is a surpliced choir and the prayers are intoned. The language in which the services are conducted is mainly Tshi-nyanja language in which the services are conducted is mainly 1shi-nyanja; —the common language of Nyasa—but, on Sundays, the early morning Communion is in English. The only fault I have to find with this church: is, perhaps, not a very fair one. To attend the services is not very comfortable for a European who is not officiating. White men being rare, as visitors, no provision has been made for their comfort at Likoma church, which is only designed to meet the requirements of the native congregation, who do not require the requirements of the native congregation, who do not require forms or chairs to sit on, but squat on their haunches during those portions of the service in which one is required to be seated. I used, therefore, from want of practice, to find it rather uncomfortable to squat down in the same way on the matted floor, and when the congregation would suddenly rise to their feet, I might be seen for a minute or two sprawling about in an undignified fashion, endeavouring to follow their example.

Besides the other buildings alluded to on Likoma, the Universities Mission beautypalacture at the state of the

besides the other buildings and de on Liabina, the onversities' Mission has workshops, stores, schools, and a printing establishment; where one or two presses are kept constantly at work printing lesson-books, stories, and translations of the Scriptures in the native language. The men of the Universities' Mission have the native language. The men of the Universities Mission have most of them been educated at Oxford or Cambridge, and are most of them been educated at Oxford or Cambridge, and are naturally most agreeable, interesting companions, while the ladies of the Mission are dear, kindly, comfortable folk; absolutely enthusiastic about the work they have taken in hand. As a general rule, the members of the Universities' Mission are supposed to be celibates. They receive no pay, and there is a decidedly monastic aspect about their settlements. They are doing a good work in Seat Africa, but I do not think they take helf enough care of them. East Africa, but I do not think they take half enough care of them-selves, and I fancy that they would be all the better able to cope with the difficulties which surround them if they looked a little more to their material comfort-if they thought just a little more of the body and less of the mind.

If you take the Universities Mission steamer, the Charles Janson, and cross over to the western side of the lake, you will see the prosperous Livingstone Mission Settlement (Free Church of Scotland), at Bandawe, presided over by the well-known Dr. Laws and his kind cheery wife. As I have described Dr. Laws's good qualities, and the comforts of his settlement, in another publica-tion, I will not dwell further on the subject here, but will hurry you on to Karonga, the African Lakes Company's Station, at the north end of Nyasa, where you may get some idea of the mode of life

in one of these pioneering trading stations.

On the shore line a furious white suri is seething and breaking, On the shore line a furious white surf is seething and breaking, and forming, itself into quite formidable little rollers, through which you have to pass on your way from the steamer to the beach. Karonga has nothing approaching to a port; it is simply an open roadstead, and is exposed to the full force of the storms which are continually churning up the troubled waters of Nyasa. The only redeeming feature of this place from a maritime point of view is the fact that the anchorage is good holding ground—the bottom of the lake is here a stiff clay, and, in spite of the furious southeastern gales, the boats and steamers ride safely at anchor. On landing at Karonga, you pass under a gateway, ornamented with landing at Karonga, you pass under a gateway, ornamented with the skulls and horns of buffaloes, and then enter a large oblong enclosure, surrounded on three sides by a deep most and thick earthworks, pierced here and there with loop-holes for guns. Karonga, in fact, is a large fort, and, in its present condition, dates from the commencement of the war between the Lakes Company and the Nyasa Arabs—say, three years ago. Inside these clay walls are the houses and stores of the Lakes Company. They are mainly built of clay, plastered on to a framework of withes, with thatch roofs and wide verandahs. Each house is, of course, onestoried, and is divided into one, two, or three rooms, with reed partitions in between.

There is not much attempt at comfort. A few rudely-made tables, There is not much attempt at comfort. A few rudety-made tables, chairs, stools, and benches constitute the chief furniture. In the common dining-room—a house of reeds—the dining-table, at the time of my visit, consisted of a wicker-work structure on trestles, with a long slab of clay plastered on to the top, and during the meals portions of this would break away; in fact, instead of absently crumbling bread during my dinner, as I should do in a reflective mood at home, I used, in the same absent-minded way at Karonga, to pick off portions of the dining-table whenever the conversation languished.

During the long struggle with the Arabs the little garrison at Karonga had wisely accumulated an enormous stock of native provisions-such as Indian corn, millet, manioc, yams, sweet potatoes, and so on—in order to prevent any possibility of being starved out by the Arabs during the protracted absences of the steamer. This provision had enabled them to conduct the war with vigour, as they could feed, not only their own followers, but the many native refugees who had been driven from their homes by Arab raiders. But, unfortunately, this accumulation of food had also attracted to Karonga an enormous number of rats, who feasted on this rich store of-corn, and multiplied astonishingly in numbers ... These swarms of rats, in their turn, attracted a large number of snakes. There were also in addition, and no doubt from the same causes, great quantities of offensively-large cockroaches, of centipedes, and ants; so that altoof offensively-large cockroaches, of centipedes, and ants; so that alto-gether Karonga, at the time of my visits, was not an agreeable place to reside in.

To these discomforts, however, the *employes* of the African Lakes Company cheerfully submitted. Peace having been made with the

Arabs, they have since set themselves to work to bring about a more comfortable state of affairs. One great advantage there was in the

arrangements at Karonga-namely, the dairy-farming which those enterprising Scotchmen had developed. They kept a very large number of milch cows, and there were such quantities of milk number of inner cora, and supplied daily to the station, that I might say without exaggeration

supplied daily to the smilk bath, had you wished it.

you could have had a milk bath, had you wished it.

Outside this fairly spacious fort is a very large, rambling native Outside this fairly spacious fort is a very large, rambling native town, only some two years old, and built for the purpose of housing two or three hundred native porters and soldiers of the Lakes Comtwo or three hundred native porters and soldiers of the Lakes Company. Within this subsidiary village the cattle and donkeys belonging to the Company are kept in large stables. At the back of Karonga — European and native—a beautiful park-land stretches away to the base of the distant mountains, yellow with corn-crops, green with banana plantations, and dotted here and there with magnificent shady trees. On the other hand, looking across the lake from Karonga, you see the lofty Livingstone Mountains rising up a jagged wall of eight thousand feet above the purple-blue waters of Nyasa, their ravines a dull green with forest, and their scarped and sculptured sides painted in red and violet; stone-grey, and ochre-yellow, and grey-blue on the misty summits, with occasional white flecks of waterfalls, and bluish-white puffs of smoke from the smouldering bush-fires.

white flecks of waterrains, and bluish white pains of shocke from the smouldering bush-fires.

The African Lake Company's trade with the natives lies chiefly in the exclinance of Manchester and Birmingham goods for ivory—the ivory of the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the wart-hog—for rubber, obtained from fig-trees and the Landolphia creeper; for oil, seeds; copal, cotton, and hides.

The life of the white settlers in Nyasaland, as you may see, is one

The life of the white settlers in Nyasaland, as you may see, is one of hard work—hard work under a blazing sun, or amid drenching rain. It is not over joyous. Few of them think of returning to England until they have accomplished four or five years' work in Africa. Mails do not arrive with the regularity one may expect on the seaboard. There is no telegraphic communication with the outer world. The most momentous changes may be taking place. outer world. The most momentous changes may be taking place in Europe, and you, in Nyasaland, be going on monotonously teaching black children, attending to your coffee-plantations, making bricks and building houses of them, chaffering with Arabs for ivory and detecting gross adulteration in the rubber that the negroes bring for sale, nothing worting of the changes and stirring events that may be taking place in the civilised world. Sometimes work event executions a system of the changes and stirring events that may be taking place in the civilised world. Sometimes your eventless existence is sadly stirred by the death of a valued member of the community, who has exposed himself too much to that terrible African sun, who has got soused in the river or lake by a boat accident, or been drenched in a tropical thunderstorm and has not changed his clothes sufficiently soon to prevent the changed his clothes sufficiently soon to prevent the change of the control of t who has eater imprudent things, or drunk bad water and has succumbed to bilious fever or dysentery. Yet in spite of this not over-bright existence, these workers plod steadily on, some in the cause of philanthropy, others for commerce, and year by year their situation slowly but surely improves. Better houses are built, the state of their bodies is taken and situation slowly but surely improves. Better houses are built, better food is procured, better care of their bodies is taken, and better health is the result. The prospect of the white settlement of Nyasaland is an improving one, and, on the whole, bears a cheerful aspect; but future planters, traders, and philanthropists will find it hard to realise the misery and sad monotony which attended the work of their pioneering predecessors.

Now for a few words about the Arabs of Nyasaland.

Very inaccurate notions have been out before the public esset.

Now for a few words about the Arabs of Nyasaland.
Very inaccurate notions have been put before the public, especially of late, respecting these Mohammedan traders, who enter tropical Africa from the East Coast. Firstly, it is concluded that, because they are generically called Arabs, they are all white Arabs of Arabia; secondly, they are represented by some as enthusiastic and successful propagandists of the Mohammedan faith; and, thirdly, it is alleged, and generally believed, that they do nothing but trade in slaves; and are the main, if not the sole, cause of the dreadful slave raids which unquestionably decimate Central Africa; besides all these complaints against them, there is a general assumpbesides all these complaints against them, there is a general assump tion that they are fiends in human form and people of devilish cruelty, who inflict gratuitous suffering for the pleasure of gloating over the misery of their victims.

This, however, is the case as it really stands. The East coast of Africa, from the borders of Somaliland to Sofala, south of the Zambesi, has, for at least a thousand years, been frequented by Arabs from Southern Arabia and the Persian Gulf. Colony after colony has been founded, and Arab Kingdoms have risen and fallen and revived and disappeared, and during all this time there has been such a mingling of Arab blood with the negro population of the East coast that the well-known Swahili race (a mixture of Arab and black man, and a fine vigorous hybrid) has been formed, and has ranged itself proudly with the Arabs; and as in the Mohammedan world there is no prejudice about colour, and a black Mahommedan is thought quite as much of as a white one, the Arabs of Arabia have consequently not repudiated nor been offended by their black relations on the African coast claiming full kinship with them. It therefore follows that about two-thirds of these so-called and self-styled Arabs are black people from the Zanzibar coast, who have never seen Arabia, while the remaining third (if, indeed, the remaining portion is so large) of the Mohammedans who overrun East Central Africa are tolerably white and fairly pure in their Arab blood, though some of them may be Persian or Balutshi mongrels. All such men as Tipu Tipu, sufficiently notorious on the Upper Congo, Mlosi, Msalemu, Bwana Omari, of Korde Lumbe of Karley and Congo, Saleman Bwana Omari, of Karley Saleman Bwana Omari, of Karley Saleman Saleman Bwana Omari, of Karley Saleman Saleman Bwana Saleman Bwana Saleman Bwana Saleman Sa Konde, Jumbe, of Kotakota, are Swahili Arabs, born on the African coast, and scarcely any of them able to talk Arabic, except such coast, and scarcely any or them able to talk Arabic, except such phrases as they may have learnt by rote in their prayers or in quoting the Koran. On the other hand, Mohammed-bin-Khalfan of Ujii (the friend of the missionaries); Kabunda, at the south end of Lake Tanganyika; Sherif Majid, and several leading Arabs, who pass backwards and forwards through Nyasaland, are white or olive-complexioned, come from Arabia to trade in Africa, and return thither when they have amassed a modest competence, chiefly in the ivory trade nowadays, but formerly by the traffic in slaves. These men, whose mother tongue is Arabic, are traffic in slaves. These men, whose mother tongue is Arabic, are as much strangers in the land as are the Indians and Europeans, who also come to Africa to trade, make money, and return to their own land. The first type; the Swahili Arab, generally seeks to make a home in a pleasant spot in Central Africa, and, if he is ambitious enough, he endeavours, with the aid of his comrades, to build up a kingdom instead of a single homestead, and to create a Swahili State, rather than a mere pied-aterre among the savages. If the natives submit without much resistance to be made his subjects then the conditions of that mother of country which the subjects, then the conditions of that patch of country which the Swahili Arab has undertaken to rule become a distinct improvement on the average negro kingdom. There is more security for life and property within the State, more attention is given to agriculture and cultivation, and useful trees and plants and demettic arrival. domestic animals are generally introduced from the coast. If, on the contrary, the unsophisticated natives object to accept a Swahili Sultan, then probably a war ensues, in which either the Swahilis are driven from the country, or, as not unfrequently happens, drop their political projects and sink back into the mere trader; or, with with their superior guns and sink back into the mere trader; or, with with their superior guns and discipline, get the better of the natives, kill a large number of the men, sell a few of the children to persons needing slaves (generally to the kindred and neighbouring tribes of the defeated one), and, taking unto themselves a multitude of wives from among the variousled people they settle down into of wives from among the vanquished people, they settle down into the enjoyment of their kingdom.

As a general rule the Arabs, white and black, are liked by the

negro tribes. Of course, complaints from time to time are made here and there by a chief whose plantations may have been robbed by the followers of an Arab caravan; or who may have been

[Continued on page 390]

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sharply punished by the Swahilis for his factious opposition to their passage through his country; or for the thieving of his people; or runaway slaves will come and show their beaten backs, and complain to the European of the cruel treatment of masters, who have thus punished them for some misdemeanour; but, wherever I have thus punished them for some misdemeanour; but, wherever I have travelled in East Central Africa, I have never heard the white or Swahili Arabs spoken of by the negroes as the latter have spoken to me of their treatment by other negro tribes, or, west of Nyasa, and in the Zambesi Valley, of the wanton cruelty of the half-caste-Portuguese. Who, for instance, have been the devastators, slaughterers of whole tribes, the harasing robbers of East Central Africa? The Arabs? No; the Masai. The Arab in those regions certainly purchased slaves from the local chiefs who were selling off their war-captives or criminals, and sometimes the young boys among these slaves were mutilated in a horrible and unskilful manner by the Arabs, in preparation for the Turkish and Persian manner by the Arabs, in preparation for the Turkish and Persian markets, but the utmost misdeeds committed by the Arabs have not occasioned a hundredth part of the misery and bloodshed and desolation brought about by the Masai; nor can it be said that the Arabs' purchases of a few slaves here and there incite these raids on the part of the Masai and others as a means of procuring slaves to meet the Arab demand, for the Masai raid, not for the purpose of making slaves, but solely for the capture of cattle, and the glory and delight of shedding blood.

What I have said about the Masai is almost equally applicable to

What I have said about the Masai is almost equally applicable to the Afgoni, Wa-wemba, Wa-tuta, and other scourges of the Nyasa-Tanganyika region. The Arabs have had little wars in Konde, where they tried to conquer the country, and failed, and were not in so doing much wickeder than we have been in many of our acquirements of territory. They have squabbled and fought, and become friends again with the A-lungu on the south end of Tanganyika; they have had numerous skirmishes with the inhuman Manyema cannibals; and they have, in fact, always been ready to attack and punish natives who have robbed and molested them.

It must not be concluded that I find no fault with the behaviour of these Arabs in Central Africa. On the contrary, I diapprove of

of these Arabs in Central Africa. On the contrary, I diapprove of much that they do; I would rather that they had never gone there at all, because we should find the unsophisticated natives easier to trade with and to govern, if we were without the keen commercial

rivalry of the Swahilis, and the sturdy, independent, warlike spirit, which they are apt to infuse into their native allies.

But what we have to remember is that the Arabs are in Central Africa, both as wandering marshauts and as cettlers rulers and

But what we have to remember is that the Arabs are in Central Africa, both as wandering merchants and as settlers, rulers and colonists, and we have got to deal with them as they are, and not as we would wish them to be. From what I know of them, I believe that by a little tact and patience—they having good qualities in them—we may skilfully make use of them, and turn their dispositions to good account in the development of Africa. I think the Swahili, as colonist and soldier, may turn out a very useful ally. As to his Mahommedan propaganda, it hardly exists. Livingstone found that out long ago.

As to his Mahommedan propaganda, it nardly exists.

The white and the Swahili Arabs are generally very strict in their own religious duties, but make little attempt to spread Mohammedan tenets among their negro followers. The utmost they do is to teach them a few plous exclamations, to kill animals for food by cutting their throats, to perform certain ablutions, to adopt circumcision, and to abjure the use of the numerous alcoholic beverages, which the negro knows so well how to manufacture from the grain and roots and palm-sap of his native country.

As to the slave-trade, give them something better to do; that is to say, find other employment for them, open out prospects of other

As to the slave-trade, give them something better to do; that is to say, find other employment for them, open out prospects of other and legitimate commerce, and they will be by no means loth to give up purchasing the people whom the negro chiefs are so anxious to sell. Moreover, the real way to combat the slave-trade—to extirpate its cause—is not to quarrel with the Arabs, if you can help it, but to get the Arabs to join you (which they are not unwilling to do) in subduing and taming irrational, bloodthirsty, wild beasts like the Angoni-Zulus, the Wa-wemba, the Wa-rugaruga, the Masai, and all the hundred and one negro robbers who, as soon as they obtain a little prosperity and power, rise up, harry, and destroy their fellow-negroes. destroy their fellow-negroes.

destroy their fellow-negroes.

The Arabs are most strongly established in Nyasaland, on the south-western and north-western shores of Lake Nyasa, on the western and north-eastern shores of Lake Tanganyika, also in the Senga country, along the banks of the River Loangwa, and in various parts of Garanganze. The leading Arab on Lake Nyasa—Sultan Jumbe of Kota-kota, on the south-western shores of the lake—is the third or fourth in succession of a series of Swahili merchant-

princes, who, as quasi-viceroys of the Sultan of Zanzibar, gradually made themselves masters of the country of Marimba, and, to a certain made themselves masters of the country of Marimba, and, to a certain extent, broke through the continuous stretch of Zulu dominion on the plateaux beyond Nyasa, and extended their hold on the country as far west as the River Loangwa. Jumbe's town, Kota-kota, is the chief starting-place of the Arab caravans which proceed to the Bisa country and to Garenganze, in the very middle of South Central Africa. Jumbe, possessing three or four "daus," is able to ferry these rvory caravans across Lake Nyasa; and, consequently, he has to be conciliated and consulted by the Arab traders and settlers in

to be conciliated and consumed by the Arab traders and settlers in Nyasa.

At Jumbe's I used to see what one does not frequently meet with in this part of Africa—real white Arabs—men with the complexion and features of Europeans or Persians. These people mostly come from Maskat or Aden. They were in all cases most friendly, and scouted all sympathy with the Swahili Arabs, who were fighting the African Lakes Company at the north end of the lake. They spoke vauntingly of the power of the British at Aden and in the Persian Gulf, and bore no malice for our interference with the slave-trade—in which, as a matter of fact, they appeared to take very little interest. They had been to various parts of the interior to trade in ivory, and their porters were all (as far as I could see) men who had gone with them from Zanzibar, and were returning to their country. Many of these porters, too, had some little capital embarked in the enterprise. I saw all these Arabs and their people start in Jumbe's "daus" to cross the lake, and they certainly had no slaves with them, properly so called (that is, newly-acquired wild people from the "bush"), with the exception of three or four Ba-bisa women whom they had purchased in the Ba-bisa country. These women were perfectly contented with their lot, and were under no restraint whatever. When I expressed a wish to write down a vocabulary of the Ki-bisa language, these Ba-bisa women were sent to my house to give me words of their language, and it was thus I came to know their history. language, these Ba-bisa women were sent to my house to give me words of their language, and it was thus I came to know their history.

That Jumbe occasionally buys and occasionally sells slaves is a

That Jumbe occasionally buys and occasionally sells slaves is a question to which I cannot give a dogmatic denial, because, for aught I know, he may have done so; but all I can say is that, during the first considerable stay I made in his town, and on the subsequent visit I paid him, I never on any occasion saw or heard of any slave-dealing transaction on his part. I had many frank and

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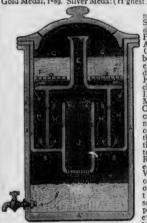
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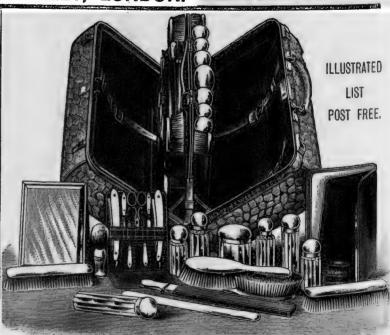
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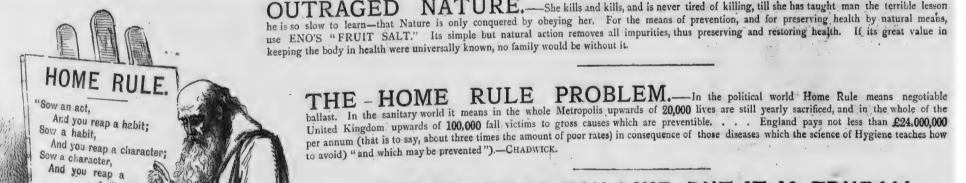
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unreserved conversations with him on the subject, and he told me he had no wish to trade in slaves, as he was much more anxious to settle all his people as agriculturists in the land, and extend the cultivation of rice and other food-stuffs as much as possible, and out cultivation of rice and other food-stuffs as much as possible, and out of a proportion of able-bodied men to make soldiers and elephant-hunters. In fact, Jumbe's great sources of wealth lie in the quantities of ivory brought in by his hunters, and the magnificent crops of rice which his country produces—rice which is famed far and wide in Nyasa-land, and of which he sells quantities to the passing caravans. Jumbe's subjects are mainly Wa-tshewa people, a branch of the A-nyanja. To a certain extent they are his serfs; but they appear to enjoy a great deal of independence, and they are not by any means ruled tyrannically.

Jumbe's town of Kota-kota—or Ngota-ngota, as it is locally called—is a huse, strangling settlement, extending for about three

called—is a huge, straggling settlement, extending for about three square miles on the north bank of a lake-like inlet of Nyasa, which forms a decidedly good harbour, protected from all winds. The entrance is a little complicated by sandbanks and shoals; but there is a deep channel, not very hard to find out, and to a certain extent indicated by the rows of breakers marking the shallow spits. Within this settlement of Kota-kota there are two separate stockaded villages—one belonging to Jumbe, and one to Mbaruk, a powerful ex-slave, and the commander of his forces. These structures are decorated with a great many skulls, the relics of a determined attack on the stronghold by the Angoni Zulus a few years back. In this attack the Angoni sustained such a disastrour repulse that they have not since ventured to tackle Jumbe, who has beneficially driven a wedge into their devastating tyrangy in the mountains—a wedge

wedge into their devastating tyranny in the mountains—a wedge which will, I hope, widen, and split up the Angoni power.

Jumbe is an exceedingly devout Mohammedan. He never omits to attend, if he can help it, any calls to prayer. He has several mosques in his town, and supports a number of mollahs, or religious teachers. Devoutness is the order of the day. Public opinion, or, rather, Jumbe's wishes oblige everybody except the pagan serfs, to rather, Jumbe's wishes oblige everybody, except the pagan serfs, to attend prayers at the mosques; at the same time, there is nothing like a spirit of fanaticism in the place; indeed, Jumbe has frequently expressed a wish that one of the Christian missions in Nyasaland

would establish a teacher in his country.

In spite of Jumbe's wealth and enterprise, you may see by my drawings that the architecture of the dwellings in his town is not of a very high order; in fact, they hardly differ in style from the negro habitations in the surrounding country. The residences of Jumbe himself, and one or two of his leading men, are a little-more elaborate, but perhaps more uncomfortable to live in, than the

average negro hut. They are built with thick clay walls, and their average negro national are scarcely lighted at all by windows, so that they really constitute a series of dark, cold, damp dungeons, feebly lit up, night and day, by one or two hanging oil-lamps. The darkness and damp, unfortunately, favour the existence of swarms of filthy insects—enormous cockroaches, repulsive crickets, large and

filthy insects—enormous cockroaches, repulsive crickets, large and yery venomous bugs, fleas, lice, centipedes, and scorpions; you can therefore imagine that one's life as Jumbe's guest, inhabiting one of these dwellings, is not very agreeable.

Some of the leading Arabs on Tanganyika (among whom I may cite Kabunda, a pleasant civilised Maskati) possess dwellings decidedly superior in appearance and comfort to those that I have described in Jumbe's town. They are more truly Arabian in architecture, are two-storied, whitewashed, and better lit, and are much more free from insect plagues.

more free from insect plagues.

One good thing these Arabs do is to introduce the cultivation of lime-trees, orange-trees, onions, cucumbers, water-melons, rice, sugar-cane, and other useful plants and trees. They are an an other useful plants and trees. eminently soher people, industrious, enterprising, and in many eminently soher people, industrious, enterprising, and in many respects not unreasonable. Instead of endeavouring to drive them out-of. Central Africa, it appears to me that we might turn their industry and enterprise to useful ends.

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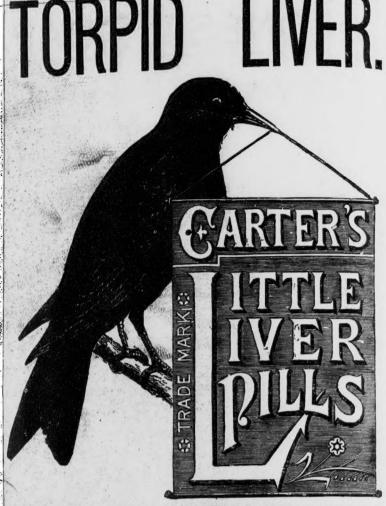
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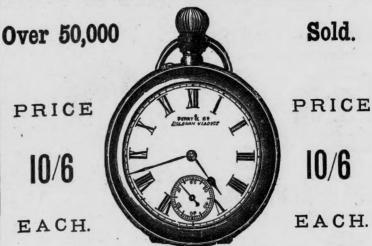
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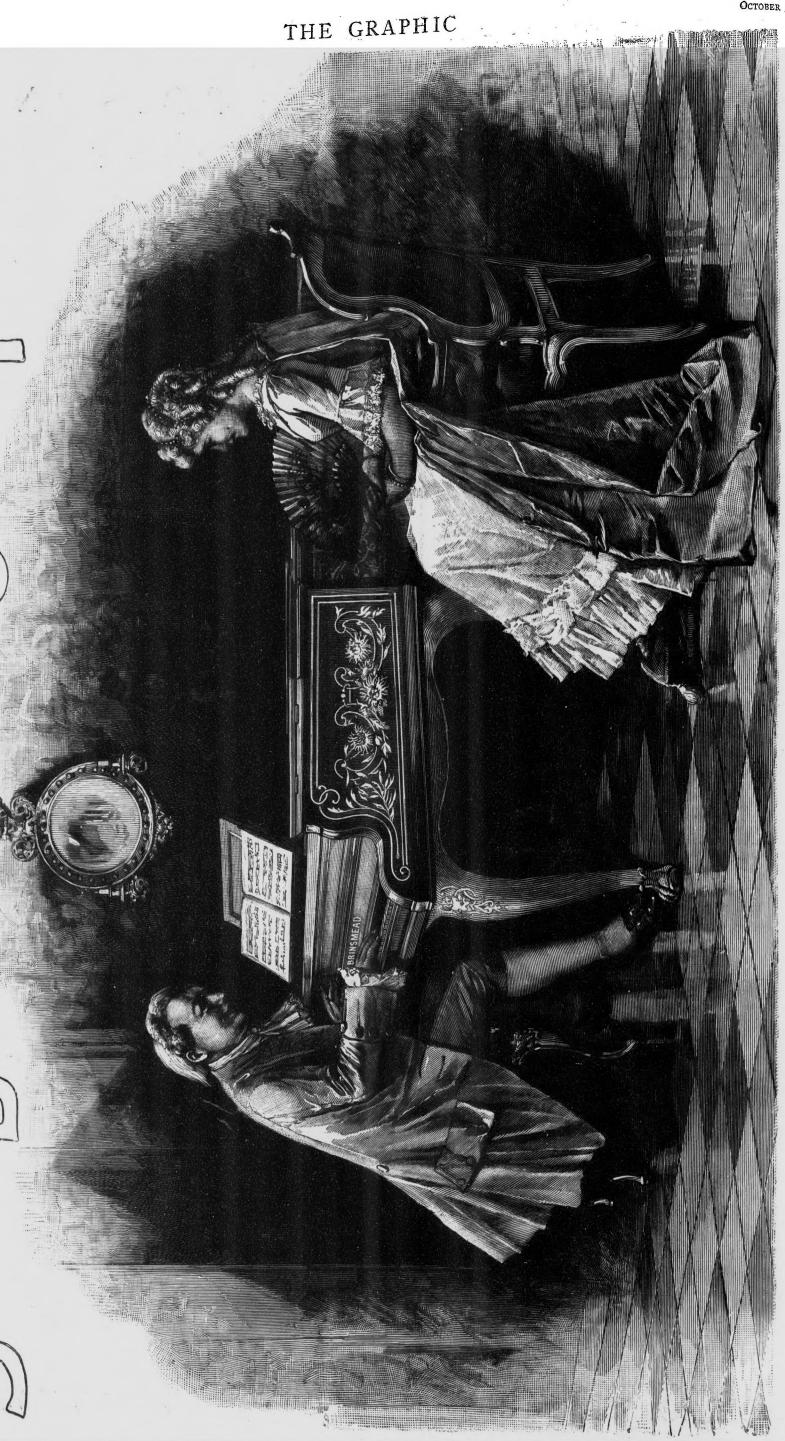
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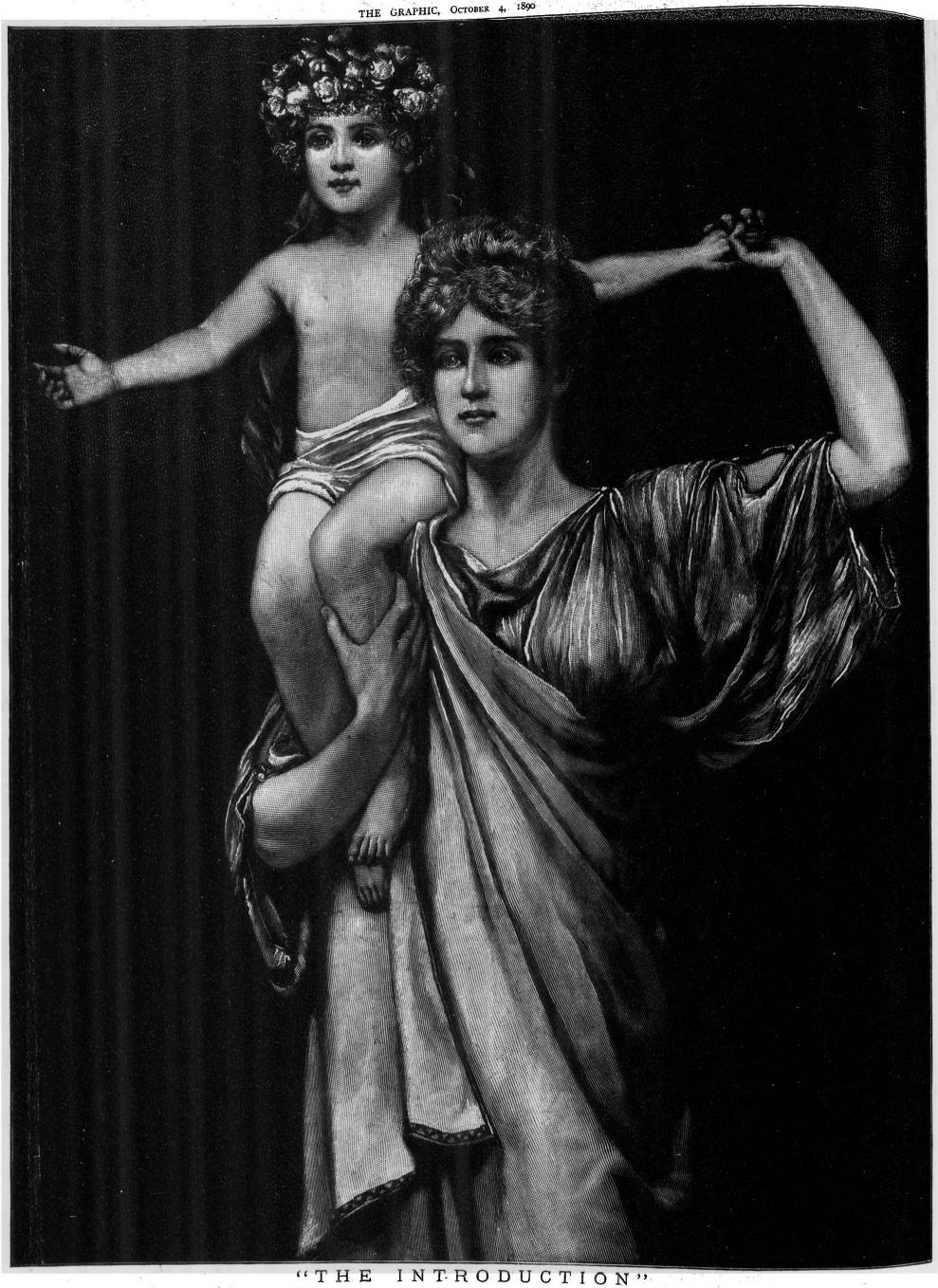
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